



# Rassoul Gita

A poem

*by*

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*Prelude*

When in the anteriority of time there was nothing,  
The Universe existed in total grandeur beyond understanding,  
A perfect supercosmos of Love, with all potentiality,  
The portionless immersed in infinitely possible portionality,  
The Pleroma of being all self-assimilation,  
A Love confined only because it was not confined,  
The originality of everything in real or presumable existence—  
Whether this existence be in reality or conception,  
Whether it be illusion of transcends illusionability.  
To speak or sing of this Love is only to defame it—  
To accept it in silence is to show respect—  
Not the silence of the cemetery,  
Not the silence of muttered though diversality—  
But a silence of all life, beyond sound,  
Beyond taste, beyond smell, beyond touch or sight,  
Wherein also is all sound, taste, smell, touch, and sight,  
Undifferentiated until the play of Love upon itself,  
Produced whatever was to be, in the sense of being,

The Creation is an utter miracle, coming in an instance  
Yet never to be completed even in the fullness of time,  
For everything has indeed been perfect from the beginning,  
Whence the universes of form and thought were projected from the One,  
And Love proclaimed itself also as Lover and Beloved,  
Making for every sort of possibility on every plane,  
So that the imperfections and digressions  
Themselves are variants of universal harmonies—  
But cease! to dwell in the metaphysics is to lose  
The sense of feeling and the experience of rapture.  
God created nor yet was satisfied  
Until He put Himself into His own mirrored creation,  
Not as Himself in the absoluteness of being,  
But in the beloved essence which He Himself ejected,  
Which by its very nature is impelled toward the Source,  
Drawn by the incessant movement of compassionate Love.  
For the evolution of thingness upwards of humanity  
Is nothing but the differentiation of indescribable Love,  
That the Perfect Being incarnated in Perfect Beings,  
Yet being Perfect, could not possibly incarnate at all,  
And the Nuri Mohammed—for we must have a title,  
Is but a humaned title to the supremacy of Supremes  
Connoted by the single simple word, **Allah**.

Turn aside, O reader! Turn from everything but your heart.  
Get outside, O reader, get out from everything but your love—  
A single demonstration of the metaphysical,

A single perturbation of self-gratitude,  
And the message of this poetry is lost.  
The Perfect was ejected from the Perfect,  
Without the Perfect losing a single element,  
Becoming indeed a most perfect Perfection  
By external manifestation from Its Being,  
And, if Mohammed has any trace of inferiority,  
That itself becomes a factor in his superiority,  
For the multiphased superiority, lacking in demerit  
Itself becomes demerited by leaving no accommodation,  
And without such accommodation no manifestation at all.  
Technology does not lead to enchantment,  
Nor the piling of mind upon mind to liberation;  
The past, the present and the future must be removed,  
So that the uneternal eternality become better known,  
For love is the mirror of eternity; is eternity itself.

*Rassoul Gita*

In the Name of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

**All else is commentary.**

Singing praises of rassoul-lillah the momin—his way on—  
Singing praises of rassoul-lillah the angels souls are blessed in—  
Singing praises of rassoul-lillah the heavens awaken in the angelic souls,  
Singing praises the sifat-i-Allah manifest on earth.  
Singing praises is the mightiest of guidances,  
Singing praises is the beginning of our prayer,  
Singing praise is the first and the last,  
Singing praise.  
Without surrender there is no Islam,  
Without submission there is no Islam,  
Without the willingness to “yes” another—  
But this stubbornness, this futile adamant ignorance  
Subserving Holy Qur’an to folk-traditions,  
Subserving Holy Qur’an to men’s desires  
Has led the world astray—  
Ego-man must announce his proclamations,  
It must insist, even while using the word “surrender,”  
Not budging even for er-Rahman, er-Rahim—  
So ignorant people declare they are true “Muslims”  
And defacers of the moral laws are admitted as “Momins.”  
On the Day of Judgment they shall learn,  
Verily on the Day which is the brightest Day,  
Verily on the Judgment which is the purest wisdom  
Turning this “Islam” into an area of light,  
From that Allah Who is all Light,  
From that Allah Who is all Wisdom,  
To that Allah, not to that Islam which has become His partner,  
So the essence of the Deity is overshadowed  
By multitudes of human-made opinions,  
And even the politics of the world  
Are declared to be the finest of revealed declarations.  
Those who insist on surrender to Allah alone bow before the tyrant;  
Those who insist on surrender to Allah alone prostrate themselves before kings;  
The code of Islam is modified whenever a Prime Minister is changed,  
And the Mosque echoes the Mejlis and its whims.  
Where is the root, the branch, the foliage?  
Where is the eminence of Allah when the clergy quake before authorities?  
The Hadith are pushed aside before the lusts of men,  
And the traditions of the infidels permeate the laws,  
So that man can not stand alongside man,  
Nor the female feel free excepting where freedom has been won.

**La Illaha**—the rest is but a commentary.  
In the very beginning was not,  
Whence the extraction of the “is” from the “was-not,”  
Contained in the palimpsestic records of the universe,  
The eternal anti-revelation, erased and effaced,  
Called from the nowhere by the removal of the nufs,  
In the never ceasing journey of retreat,  
Into the cave, into the womb, into the Ineffable Cipher.  
Praised be that Cipher from which everything proceeds,  
That overflowing of darkness, source of the blindness of ecstasy,  
That overwhelming darkness blanketing joy,  
That cosmic mother whence all manifestation commences,  
Proceeding from the never-was to the Ever-One,  
Thereby clarifying the mysteries of Allah.

There are no mysteries in pure Islam,  
But confusions from misutilization of words,  
The derivation superseding the Source,  
And, escaping the grand confusion of symbolism,  
Straightway impels to the opaqueness of harb.

*Part 1*

Sing the Song of the Messengers of God,  
Sing the Finality which constituted the Message,  
Sing of the Perfect Ones whom Allah has sent,  
Sing the Perfection of the Perfected of them,  
Sing the Song and let the Song go on,  
The telling tells and not the comments on it.

**La Illaha! ...**

La Illaha, the rest is commentary.  
Let the Muezzin cry and cry and cry ...  
Let the Mullahs rant and rant and rant ...  
Who knows the meaning of the invocation to prayer?  
Who knows the meaning of the prayer itself?  
A million, million say the word "Mohammed,"  
Though many millions turn their heads away,  
And other millions do not go to pray,  
And other millions would rather talk about it.  
There is no talk in praise, there is no praise in talk,  
And neither by one's efforts to bribe his Maker,  
Does one complete the lesser or greater Jihad.  
Why does one bow? Why prostrate in prayer.  
Unless to lay his being at the feet of the Mighty One?  
Come out of the shadows into the universes of Light,  
Come out of the zero and learn to approach the One,  
Come out of harb to Islam and to Ilm—  
If one is to praise Allah, why so much self-admiration?  
If Allah alone is great, why fear and absence of joy?  
In the later world the joyful will be in Heaven,  
The Yaum-ed-din is for the joyful here and hereafter;  
The Messenger perfected himself, here and hereafter.

Allah, the Compassionate, is concerned with the whole creation;  
Allah, the Most Merciful, extends His love to all,  
Rab-el-Alamin excludes no one from consideration,  
Listening to the lost, to the misled, the ignorant, the suffering,  
All are His concern, all are in a sense, His orphans.  
Praise to God permits no shred of proclaimed vain-glory,  
Praise to God alone admits to heaven if one is lost in praise,  
Praise to God is not a bartering for a portion in the hereafter,  
Praise to God is the natural inclination of the soul.

**La Illaha**—nothing is to be affirmed or postulated,  
La Illaha—nothing to be echoed in self-refrain,  
The emptying of self, the denial of every effort.  
What is this nufs? This spirit of agitation within man?  
I am lost in my love, I am gone in total surrender,

How otherwise could this body bow in prayer?  
How otherwise could this body bow? How otherwise submit?

Submission is not to be worshipped, Allah alone must be worshipped;  
Submission is not to be praised, Allah alone must be praised—  
Those who commend submission, have they themselves submitted?  
Those who glorify surrender, have they themselves surrendered?  
They say: "I submit only to Allah" then follow the whims of nufs;  
They say: "I surrender only to Allah" then accept the mandates of man—  
The king, the malik, the sultan, the mullah, to them they submit  
Nor is this submission wrong, but it is not to Allah.  
There is one submission to Deity, pure and purified and purifiable;  
There is another submission on earth, necessary but limited.  
Let us deny Allah so we may come to understanding;  
Let us deny Allah that we may come to wisdom—  
Oh you horrified grey-bearded loons who shrink—  
You have already separated Allah from love,  
You proclaim but do not proclaim Compassion,  
You affirm but do not affirm the everlasting Mercy.  
If you must submit let it be: **La Illaha!**

A voice that cries in the wilderness is very seldom heard,  
A voice that calls from the darkness is very seldom heeded—  
Who are they that miscall themselves "Muslims" —  
The Holy Qur'an marked only certain individuals as Muslims  
Who in their stay on earth submitted to Heavenly Grace,  
Nor collected the wealth of the world, nor envied their neighbors,  
Nor took any portion in backbiting, or stepped upon the widow.  
Say: Allah knows the least of all transgressions,  
But the greatest of all transgressions is this:  
To presume upon yourself the portioning of the hereafter;  
To presume upon yourself a station in a higher heaven;  
To presume upon yourself a higher station in heaven;  
To presume upon yourself in every thing—  
He lies who worships "Islam" or any thing;  
He lies who worships "Islam" or any word,  
He lies who does not fully submit. Oh how he lies.

Let us come and sing "La Illaha" and forget these evil ways,  
Let us bow our hearts and sing "La illaha" and forget their many faults,  
Let us prostrate the body in the dust, humility the ego,  
Let us henceforth venture into the universe of the Cipher-Zero,  
Denying all this, denying all that, denying most the self—  
Perform ye Muslims, pro claim ye Momin the pilgrimage of fana.  
Bow the body and head in prayer—let vanity disappear;  
Bow the body and self in joy—let aggrandizement then vanish;  
Bow the body—that is all one can go, by Allah is it uplifted,  
Let your pride and dishonesty go, then remove your self,

Do not even affirm the nothing, go and remove your self,  
Keep the head upon the ground and remove yourself.  
It was Allah in the most cosmic of all Sahajda,  
Effacing Himself completely created the mineral kingdom,  
From the essences of all the elements of the skies,  
To formulations of rock and stone and metal,  
Then gradually by the exercising of his might,  
His body stood erect—thus the vegetation.

By Allaho Akbar death; by Allaho Akbar life,  
By Allaho Akbar life-in-death and also death-in-life.  
There is no high, there is no low, there is no friend, there is no foe,  
There are no vicious, there are no true, but all must disappear:  
**La Illaha:** thus we come to the kingdom of the Cipher.  
Go! Go to the psychiatrist and ask his help,  
The Kingdom of Unhappiness abounds,  
The long-faced make a mockery of the praise of Deity,  
The scowling visages occupy church and temple and mosque—  
Who utter praise without a smiling heart is damned;  
Who offers prayer without the inner cleansing is a futile man,  
Who answers him?  
Everybody talks about the Everlasting Mercy,  
Themselves a-fearful that unless they do,  
Their portions will be that among the damned,  
As if fearing the policeman made one noble.  
What is the true kibla? It comes in the Medina of the spirit,  
Whence the experience of the Grand Night,  
Whence the revelation of the Glorious Qur'an—  
To every man this Qur'an may be revealed  
Efface yourselves and listen to its Truth.

*The Conquest of Bharata*

Behold the darkness of the cave of Plato,  
The world of shadows with exaggerated forms,  
The externalization of the cosmic womb,  
The empire of the unborn, the kingdom of the Cipher,  
The about-to-be but never actually is....  
There asuras dwell and exercise their powers,  
Continue aptitudes though clothed in human guise:  
"We, the good, are ever at war with universal evil,"  
"We, the good, are the companions of the light,"  
"We, the good, are battling for universal deliverance,"  
"We, the good ... we, the good ... we, the good...."  
The tyrants come but none dare speak against them;  
The despots rise to power and then there is a hush;  
No one speaks in behalf of the cowering multitudes,  
The prayers are offered to heaven but the beastly man is obeyed.  
There is a panorama of ever regressive retreat,  
The fleeing of the person into the cave or forest  
Calling it "the path to God" which affords escape from responsibility;  
The turning away, unwilling to face vicissitudes.  
The quasi holy man repeats, "Neti, neti, neti" permitting his family to starve.  
Let the family starve, let the neighbors be ill,  
The drowning man should willingly accept his karma,  
While the cloak of self-satisfaction is drawn tight.

From Brahman proceeded creation, He was not satisfied;  
From Brahman emanated the worlds, He was not satisfied;  
From Brahman came the rocks and vegetation, He was not satisfied,  
He had been asleep, He did not realize His own handiwork,  
So he tried to awaken Himself and move about in freedom,  
A multitude of efforts and each of these a species of animal,  
Crores and lakhs of crores of efforts He did make,  
But there was no satisfaction, He could not look at Himself.  
There is a negative empire of the scheme of tamas  
Which all the priests of Bharata have chosen to ignore,  
Turning from manifestation they call it progress,  
Turning from what dissatisfied Brahman they find satisfaction  
Weep, oh you sentimental dolts, over the sufferings of bugs!  
Let the flies go where they will though it spoil the foods of men,  
Let the babies starve while we feed grubs and caterpillars—  
This is called "Dharma," everywhere the Asuras,  
Everywhere they proclaim the majesty of the Devas,  
Everywhere they call it "sanatana dharma"  
And the suffering of mankind continues, which they say must be,  
And they ignore in toto the teachings of the great Buddha,  
Worshipping instead the personality—  
Thus the Asuras stealing the vocabularies of Scriptures,

Then the Tamas-wallahs who stand in the paths of progress,  
Even now.

Once the Tamas-wallahs controlled the Island of Lankha —  
It was the same: their way of life was **dharmā**  
Lust and greed, exploitation and unhappiness,  
And the explanation that this was the wretched karma,  
That the unfortunate were repaying from their former lives,  
That any effort to clarify their existence  
Was itself contrary to the law of karma, and so to dharmā;  
This was accepted then, as it was in later years.  
The Deliverer came and rescued the unfortunate multitudes,  
The Deliverer known as Ram Chandra purified the land,  
And then what happened?  
His personality deified, he became the “worshipped God”  
And all his reforms were turned aside,  
The priests of Ravana returned in other guises,  
The priests of Ravana remain though they repeat the word “Ram” —  
All over India in the course of centuries the priests of Ravana,  
Proclaiming the victory over Ravana and controlling themselves.

The surrender of the devotee is a step into the Cipher,  
Half-led they enter the darkness of negation,  
Half-led, they remove the self as an obstacle of self,  
Half-led.

There is an expansive looking into bright Infinity,  
There is a contractive withdrawal into dark Infinity,  
A struggle between the expansive outlook from the ego  
And the continuous contractions of the ego-self.

Philosophers condemn the sway of tamas—in their books;  
Philosophers accept the sway of tamas—in their lives;  
The history of Bharata has become that of tamas and samsara,  
And when the deliverer comes—his personality is deified:  
Rama came and was identified with totality;  
Siva came and was identified with totality,  
Krishna came and was identified with totality;  
Buddha came and was identified with totality—  
But the teachings of Rama, the teachings of Siva,  
The teachings of Krishna, the teachings of Buddha,  
Where are these most wonderful pronunciations in later times?  
The great rishis came and offered their mysteries in man,  
Even in the theories of marriage in Bharata the truth remains,  
Showing a multitude of stages in the evolution of the spirit,  
Showing the many facets which may hide in the personality of man,  
But everywhere the asuras have been victorious,  
Because the ego-self has not been removed,  
And from the ego-self and by the ego-self not happiness:

Temples consecrated to fowls and filthy creatures,  
Animals slaughtered upon the nauseating altars,  
A single way of transgression and a multitude of excuses,  
Brahman was not satisfied with the monkey but the Brahmin is satisfied,  
Brahman was not satisfied with the elephant but the Brahmins are satisfied;  
Brahman was not satisfied with bull and cow, but the Brahmins?  
Brahman was satisfied with the kingdom of humanity but the Brahmins?  
The universe proclaims humanity and the priest denies the claim;  
The universe proclaims humanity but the pundit denies the claim;  
The universe proclaims humanity and the traditions deny the claim—  
This is the shadow in darkness of **La Illaha**, there is no true God.

In the epic Rama conquered Ravana,  
In the history the glory of the ruler is depicted,  
But in the daily life? Who among men is a Rama today?  
And who among the rulers of men has ceased to be a Ravana?  
In the name of sacred writings have they continued.  
In the name of unsacred writings have they pursued their courses,  
The most wicked of monsters upholding a “dharma shastra”  
Whom no one has dared to deny, excepting the invader  
And the term “Mleccha” used as a counterfoil,  
While tyrants and despots pursued their evil ways.  
And not a writer until these recent times  
Who dared to reproach them—this is “sacked history.”  
So only the name of Rama has remained,  
And pictures of himself and his noble consort  
Have long replaced the policies he instituted,  
And a world of regulations and caste niceties  
Has so affixed itself on human consciousness  
That even a change of religion does not bring deliverance.

What is fana?  
It is the complete surrender of the ego-self,  
The refusal to stress one’s efforts as being important,  
The giving up to the universal of all that has been one’s own,  
Without at the time destroying what has been created:  
The head and psyche and mind prostrate in prayer,  
The head and psyche and mind prostrate without prayer—  
Come, beloved, and look into this ineffability.  
What is love? The union of what is self with what is not—  
Whether it be in the lowest forms of particular satisfaction  
Or in the highest forms of universal satisfaction.  
Who has proclaimed this ego-self to be important?  
Who has proclaimed this ego-self to be so unimportant?  
Who has proclaimed? What authority for proclamation?  
Proceeding in the midst of darkness Grace is far away;  
Proceeding in the midst of darkness Grace is still at hand.  
Revelations have been given to mankind to know the path to light,

Heroes have appeared in the midst of the world to lead the way,  
Messengers of God have come from time to time—  
The truth is simple, the truth is direct, but the truth is not easy.  
Condemning Iblis we yield to the scope of Iblis,  
Castigating the devil and his works we join him,  
For condemnations and castigations are the works of evil,  
To abjure the Devil means to devote oneself to praise,  
To offer consideration to other people.  
Instead the insidious worship of the perverted,  
The substitution of names for selfless outlook,  
Calling the ego Ram or Christ or Mohammed,  
The ignorant keep the masses in the darkness  
And retrogression leads to further retrogression.

Praised be the Cipher which is over negativity,  
For the negative is further from the One,  
The Cipher throws away both good and evil,  
The Cipher denies without affirming anything.  
“Worship only me” —the ego supersedes the Lord Krishna;  
“Worship only me” —and the rites of self-defacement  
Smearing rituals of the Vedas in the name of Vedic faith,  
Whatever the priest may do is regarded as a virtue,  
The self obliterates the self in the name of selflessness.  
Bharata is ever dying in the negativity of reversals,  
Bharata is ever dying amidst the rise of holy men,  
Bharata is ever dying despite the host of Pagambaras,  
Bharata is the ever dying land.  
Why to the Himalayas? Why to the jungles? Why retreat?  
Why the incessant repetition of “neti, neti?”  
This is the evidence of dying-unto-death,  
While nature and Prakriti proclaim the birthing-into-birth.

The Perfect Way is the synthesis of every way,  
And every way is not the words thereof,  
Wherein Iblis disguises himself in robes of pseudo-light  
And the Asuras come paraded as Gandharvas.  
In preparation for the Way there is purgation,  
The willing self-effacement in the Cipher.  
Bring me, O Lord, that will teach me the Cipher;  
Bring me, O Lord, a life that will reveal the Cipher,  
Let me know in myself what means **La Illaha**.

There is no gratification in the helplessness of others,  
No satisfaction in failures of the superstitious,  
Ignorance is not effaced by appealing to its absence,  
For what is the meaning of this false-term “ignorance,”  
Who does not know the ignorance what does he know?  
If the Empire of Bharata is to be achieved,

The palimpsest removals must become a process—  
Neti, neti! What does it mean?  
In the minds of the self-asserting it is bitter darkness;  
On the tongues of the self-asserting it strengthens the asuras.  
Purna Yoga is not a message for any particular age,  
Purna Yoga is not even a special instruction,  
For nothing is any Yoga which is not Purna Yoga—  
Yoga comes from dissolution of the ego,  
A single word and the process is reversed;  
A single silence and the process is in gear.  
Who knows this, knows something indeed.

*Insert segment A1*

*Tawhid – Mohammedanism*

Now let us declare the Kingdom of the One,  
Out of the One came all the forms that are forms,  
Out of the One came also the unformed, the named and unnamed,  
Out of the One the conceivable and unconceived  
(The “inconceivable” is nonsense and nillity,  
Proposed by ego-mongers and ego-monsters  
To confuse even the elect)  
Forward, guided on the Right Path does mankind approach the One,  
Forward, guided does man approach the One,  
Forward, on the Right Path does man approach the One.  
There is no guidance without a path,  
Nor tarikat without a guidance—  
Those who call themselves “Muslims” who lack a guidance,  
Those who call themselves “Muslims” without a path,  
Those who call themselves “Muslims” without a surrender,  
Those who call themselves “Muslims” without submission—  
They are of the company of kafirs, despite their appellation.  
Those who, without the guidance of a Pir,  
Control their egos to the state of mutmaina,  
Even though they have never assayed to higher status,  
Nonetheless belong to the true submitters—  
Muslims call them not, no longer are the Muslims submitters,  
No longer are the submitters Muslims .  
The Kingdom of Tawhid is the kingdom of Light,  
Allah is the master of the Yaum,  
Allah is the master of the Din,  
The Yaum declare to be the universes of unfathomed light,  
The spreading of the canopy of Rab Alamin,  
There is no Din save that in this glorious state,  
The sins of human kind stand as shortcomings,  
The shortcomings appear as shadows and as marks,  
And man is judge as he has covered the light,  
And blessed accordingly as the light is clear.

Once an orphan boy was born in Mecca,  
On a certain day was he born with a certain mother,  
And drinking his mother’s milk he gained the baraka thereof  
Until he could take no more nor could she give,  
And Allah recalled her to her proper station.  
These things are written in the universe,  
Reflecting in the life of every orphan child  
Who father-bereft still has the mother’s nourishment.  
Then later was he tended by a nurse,  
And all the little bits of his experiences

Recorded in the story of the universe,  
Reflected also in the lives of every child  
Who hast not the blessing of his mother's love,  
Who has not the protection of his father's guidance.  
Later we proclaim Mohammedanism —  
To regard the children as if they were this child,  
To nourish, to care for them, to love and honour them,  
To protect them and defend and yet to discipline.  
O you teachers in the Mosque who give the children instruction,  
You are teaching the young Mustapha, act accordingly,  
For Akhlak Allah is not a subdividable moral,  
It includes all living creatures or includes no one.

The class submission: to submit to Allah alone.  
The ulema declare: submit to Allah alone—  
The tyrant kills his brothers and all the ulema assent,  
Declare he is within the bounds of "Islam."  
The tyrant crushes the peasant with his taxes,  
The ulema assent and say he is within his rights.  
The self-righteous publish essays: "This is Islam,"  
The tyrant does the opposite, the publishers assent,  
And thus in the name of "Islam" is every folly committed.  
There was a growing child with hardly a blemish,  
And later this blemish was removed from his heart,  
He, innocent, was unconscious of his prowess—  
He did not assert, he did not insist, he did not compel  
But Muslims assert, Muslims insist, Muslims compel,  
For although Qur'an declares the Prophets were Muslims,  
Not in the later usage of this term could they be Muslims,  
For Moses did not comply with the rules of the Imams,  
Nor did Jesus measure his life according to the Hadith,  
So even the young man destined to become the Messenger  
Watched the perturbances of his heart, unknowing  
That by the removal of even hindrance,  
The baqa, the universal life came to evidence.  
**El Il Allah**—the rest is commentary—  
**El Il Allah**—which also means baqa,  
You lift your heads from the ground but not by self-will,  
You lift your minds from earth when Allah leads you,  
You lift your countenances when you have the guidance.

Every iota of the life of Mohammed is written in the ethers,  
And behind the Hadiths in writing are the Grand Hadith,  
The hadith of baqa and of fana-fi-lillah,  
But not the hadith of baqa-i-fana  
Beyond the stages of recording and traditions,  
The essence of Tawhid.

All the Prophets were as One, all the Messengers and Teachings  
Finally congealed and concealed in the book we call "Qur'an,"  
Every word of which may have a special meaning,  
Every meaning of which may have some special word,  
When we stop honouring the book we honour Allah,  
When we stop honouring the Messenger we honour Allah,  
We do not honour the Messenger by honouring the Messengers,  
But by attunement we over-honour him —  
Think of his every day from the birth to the grave,  
Think of his every achievement successful or failures,  
Attune your heart to his heart, do not assert yourselves,  
Do not declare in his name what he did not declare,  
Beware of fabrications, do not beware of self-surrender,  
And the crown of all the glory of the earth  
Will become the possession of a willing mankind.

What is this crowning glory of achievement?  
What is this faculty that comes with tawhid?  
How does the baqa-essence manifest itself?  
In kashf there is the glory of achievement,  
In kashf there is the guidance to the most unknown,  
In kashf the glory and the essence of Allah become clear,  
Clarified with meaning and understanding.  
Now, oh People of Pakistan your choice:  
Shall you become Kashmiris and masters of the universe?  
Or be content as Kashmiris with a piece of rotting ground?  
If you surrender to the dictates of your Creator,  
If you follow the guidance as it has been given in words,  
If you accept the teachings as given by the Grand Pirs,  
If you will pursue the courses of knowledge and wisdom,  
You shall be Kashmiris and the greatest of all people.  
But will you listen or must you accept more warnings?

East Pakistan is suffering from a series of catastrophes—  
Bismillah Er-Rahman Er-Rahim;  
Another tidal waste, another cyclone, torrential rains,  
The over-flowing of the rivers;  
Bismillah Er-Rahman Er-Rahim—and we must have Kashmir.  
An earthquake strikes, every manner of destruction,  
The people are impoverished, are dying—  
All Muslims are brothers—we must have Kashmir.  
Another unheeded warning, more poverty and misery,  
Bismillah Er-Rahman Er-Rahim—  
No money for the victims, resources for an invading army,  
We must have Kashmir; dead, dying, homeless,  
Starving, victims of pestilence and worse,  
Bismillah Er-Rahman Er-Rahim, we must have Kashmir.

Not a speck of earth but does not have its guidance,  
Nor an inch of ground which does not have protection,  
Until the manifest will of Allah is ignored,  
And man prefers the ways of men—  
By voting, by intrigue, by conference, by war—  
These the ways the unwisdom of mankind asserts itself—  
We accept the Holy Qur'an and also voting;  
We accept the Holy Qur'an and also intrigue;  
We accept the Holy Qur'an and also the conference;  
We accept the Holy Qur'an and resort to invasion—  
This is the doom, even before your living eyes.

O people of Pakistan Allah gives you **Kashmir**,  
The universal empire of clear insight,  
Which having attained the whole earth may be yours,  
Not merely a speck of worthless, dirty ground,  
But all the Empires which all filled with Musselman,  
And also Empires of the still to be converted—  
For the will of Allah is—there is no modification.  
In baqa kashf, this is the manifestation of Tawhid.

The world needs guidance, neither neutralism  
Nor the forceful use of any kind of weapon,  
Neither the weapons of the hand nor mind—  
A super-super X-ray is soon ready,  
Penetrating with an enormous power,  
Even the most destruction radiances of mankind,  
Which shall, like little babes, fall before its power.  
**Allaho Akbar!** despite the willful denial of you so-called "Muslims"  
**Allaho Akbar!** despite the non-belief of every kafir.  
In kashf the kingdom of the universe shall become.

**El Il Allah**, the rest is commentary,  
Everything is commentary on El Il Allah:  
The arts, the sciences, the philosophies,  
The inventions, the communications, the achievements.  
In death death dies, in life life lives—  
Baqa is the final completion of loving surrender,  
That bowing the head in prayer the limitation vanishes,  
That lifting the head in prayer the unlimited manifests,  
The resurrection rises from the death,  
The livingness that was hidden is brought to view,  
And in this the ultimate possession of mankind,  
The faculty of kashf in all its aspects:  
In the aspects of the powers of the earth,  
In the aspects of the faculties of the earth,  
In the aspects of the powers of the unseen,  
In the aspects of the faculties of the unseen,

In the aspects of the powers of the unknown,  
In the aspects of the faculties of the unknown.

Revelation of a method of achievement has long been sealed,  
But revelation as an endless stream of motion,  
Continues unhindered and unhampered through the aeons.  
The ninety-nine of the All-Ever-Is  
May raise themselves within the heart of man  
Unfolding universes now quite unsuspected,  
Opening up vista upon vista upon vista.  
Shall we declare the science of the Names!  
No! this is a proper function of the teacher,  
Less useless repetition which are forbidden,  
By Jesus Christ of all were they forbidden,  
But pseudo-Muslims revere only a memory,  
And desecrate the teachings of earlier Messengers  
While verbally proclaiming their submission—  
Submission comes in submitting and nowise else.  
It is in the abandonment of self-nufs,  
That kashf throws out its light to consciousness  
And ever increases when the person submits himself  
To the ever flowing Guidance of the River.

O glorious empire of noble Kashf-mir,  
May we proclaim on earth the fulfillment of Islam,  
The light which carries the Messages of Allah  
Extends to the furthestmost places of this earth  
Through the efforts of self-surrendering devotees,  
Even most by those declared to be non-Muslims,  
By those who assert and do not know submission,  
For the Will of God pervades and controls everything,  
Works through the heart and mind of every one,  
And will not be impeded by any nufs.  
The empire of this Kashf-mir will extend  
Over the earth, in all the continents  
And Qur'an will become a book of Guidance  
Even to those who accept quite different books  
And an integrating Islam  
Completing, including and fulfilling  
Will henceforth be the religion of this world.

Four things are needed in this world today:  
Krishna-ism, Buddha-ism, Christ-ism, Mohammedan-ism.  
To be happy, to be radiant, to be supremely joyful;  
To dance, to sing, to repeat the praises of the Lord,  
This is the essence of the Krishna-Message—  
Not to speak in terms of Krishna, but to know  
The essence of the radiant power of the soul.

The somber, the deceiver, the back-biting whomsoever,  
The gloomy long faced person shadows his being  
And cannot be heaven-welcomed excepting by rebirth,  
For heaven is the universe of non-sorrow,  
And the earth also, may be the non-sorrowing world.  
To repeat Subhan-Allah! Subhan-Allah!  
This is the essence of the Krishna teaching,  
Whether in the world of fakirs or Islam.

To be equal-minded in pleasure and pain,  
To calm the nufs whatever the circumstances,  
To refrain from anger and to control the lower passions  
Is the essence of the teachings of the Buddha;  
Release into Nirvana is the half-step,  
Finally completed in the whole fana-i-baqa  
But skipping steps or adding by commentary,  
Utter the same things through the nufs  
Increases the misery in the world.  
To seek the cause of suffering and sorrow,  
To elevate the avenue of compassion,  
To repeat **Er-Rahman, Er-Rahim**,  
This is the essence of true Buddha-ism.

And what is this Christ-ism? A religion?  
Love and self-sacrifice were the teachings  
Of the Messiah of Palestine of long ago—  
His person rejected by a numerous assembly,  
His teachings rejected by a greater one—

But love and self-sacrifice remain forever  
As part of the true. When one says:  
Ishk Allah, mahebood lillah, this is Christ-ism—  
It has nothing whatever to do with a special religion.

And what is Mohammedanism! Ah,  
The so-called Muslims will cry in anguish  
At the very mention of this name,  
Despite the fact they are continually praying for him.  
If they pray for him they are still Mohammedans,  
And if they follow his methods also are Mohammedans,  
But not are Muslims who never submit themselves,  
And even less when they cry submission.  
When the Muslim king marries extra wives,  
Is he not still a "Muslim"? Who has dissented?  
When the tyrant expropriates peasant's properties,  
Is he not still a "Muslim"? What Ulema has declared?  
Is there a publication which condemns  
The fratricide of certain "Muslim" kings?

Is there not poverty throughout the world  
And most of all in certain "Muslim" lands?  
What is this noise before the Qur'an and the Hadith?  
Therefore boldly proclaim Mohammedanism,  
And defy the defiers of this proper word.  
The proclamation of Mohammedanism will dismay the world;  
Let it be dismayed; let the Ulema protest,  
The very protestation will prove their non-submission.  
If they had long submitted, wherefore the present misery?  
Is Allah Er-Rahman, er-Rahim a cosmic truth?  
Is it revelation or is it nonsense?  
Let them explain away the decrepit conditions.  
In Islam there may be poverty — there is;  
In Islam also ignorance — there is;  
In Islam certain portions of the Qur'an may be proclaimed,  
And others hidden from the public view;  
In Islam certain Hadith are received  
As if they were superior revelations  
And the definitions given in the Qur'an  
Are denied by the self-proclaiming Orthodox.  
All right, the Ahmadiyyas are not Muslims,  
Praise be to Allah there are some who submit  
To the Teaching of the Revelator of Mecca  
Who taught kindness, benevolence and patience;  
Who exemplified forgiveness and long-suffering,  
Who not only forgave his enemies but knew  
That every soul was a commandment of Allah,  
And to the soul there are no friends, no enemies.

All right, the Ahmadiyyas are not Muslims,  
Who cleanse their bodies, hearts and souls,  
Who believe in Allah and the day of resurrection  
And who seek to do the right in every circumstance.  
Therefore Mohammedanism is proclaimed;  
The great Jihad is utmost importance —  
Challenge you self-selected leaders of the mob;  
Challenge you self-proclaimed teachers of the public;  
Challenge if you will, you still may be upraised,  
Only to a lonely heaven who disapprove,  
When Allah is the revealed Malik-i-Yaum-i-din.  
There is no person outside the Holy Grace,  
And as Mohammed himself declared at Mecca,  
So he declares today; and he who included the circle  
Of his enemies within the greater circle of compassion  
Will surely not overlook his heretic followers  
Whose hearts are pure.  
What is this brotherhood if each are his brother's judges?  
No, the lover is the lover and so is salvationed —

The Mohammedan is much greater than the Muslim  
Whose heart is as the kalb-i-Mohammed,  
Whose soul is filled with the nur-i-Mohammed.  
What belongs to nufs belongs to nufsaniat,  
And what is Allah's to Him will surely return.

*Insert segment AA*

I am the greatest of the great and the lowliest of the low;  
I am not important because of royal heritage,  
I am not important because of holy heritage,  
That Grace, which is the greatest of the gifts of God,  
Comes not by heritage or rank or any ancestry,  
Nor is it enough to be born in the physical Bethlehem-Ephrata,  
If the lineage is stressed.  
I stress no lineage which does not contain  
Villains and cutthroats, peasants and highway robbers,  
For God is in the least of the least and the most of the most.  
When spiritual illumination comes, all earthly rank must go  
And any reference to special privilege  
Only throws a shadow and a multitude of veils.  
I worked even in the most humble of capacities,  
And even after Allah extended his boundless Grace  
I ordered no man to a humbler task,  
Granting it the highest privilege to do the smallest job;  
As a boy I tended the animals—  
I led the lamb in fact; I led the lion in fact—  
A little child shall lead them, says the Scriptures,  
And there was not an animal in the desert  
Which did not gather round me in utmost friendliness,  
So I feared no creature, but loved them all.  
Never did I beat a horse or camel or beast of burden; never.  
The people marveled though I knew now the secret of myself,  
Neither knowing how to cheat or steal or outwit anybody,  
So I obtain the title of "Amin," and won respect;  
Even from thieves and robbers, who in sharing their loot,  
Called upon me to divide, trusting in my simplicity.  
And so it was.  
When circumstances bettered I learned to trade,  
By my trustworthiness rather than efficiency—  
I was trusted, even until it ended in my marriage,  
Whenceforth I was trusted even more, by the whole community.  
The titles of Mustapha and Ahmed were properly bestowed,  
Coming as a result of experience and effort,  
Nor did I know that I was purifying my own heart—  
For any other course was impossible to my consciousness.  
Then the lesser and the greater revelation,  
But never did I perform the function of the priest,  
To prey upon the community because of social sanctity,  
And because of this my Revelation was rejected,  
And then I was rejected along with my prophethood  
Because I would pray so much, but never prey,  
Nor did I compromise, ever, in morality nor common decency.  
My highest attainment according to myself was the Abdallah,

And because the world has recognized the Nabi and Rassoul,  
Now I must explain the Abdallah which most Muslims still reject—  
Who among them is capable of becoming a Nabi or Rassoul?  
And who among them is not capable of becoming an Abdallah?  
So now to all the world I bring the teachings of Abdallah.  
Knowing that Allah is Rab Alamin and not just Rab Mussalmin.

I am the Prophet of the proletariat;  
I am not an orator speaking to the working-classes,  
I am a representative of the working-classes,  
Yet never denounced a man because of his social position.  
The bible teaches that the last shall be first—but not so religion;  
The bible teaches that the first shall be last—but not so religion.  
Consider the basis of contemporary science:  
The cosmographer and the atomic physicist are one—  
The explorer of the mightiest beyond the mighty  
Is in close cooperation with the ultimate of analysts—  
The Universe is nothing but the result of the working of Light—  
In the least, in the most and in the in-between the operations of Light;  
So in the moral injunctions, the least and the most and the in-between;  
So in the life of Mohammed Abdallah, the least and the most and the in between—  
Morality and metaphysics and science are not different,  
It is only the traditions in the name of religion that have led astray,  
Is not the universe the handiwork of Allah?  
Is not all knowledge but cognizance of His Being?  
True science denounces the limited concepts of man;  
True science does not concur with a multitude of orthodoxies,  
But is Allah bounded? Bounded by tradition? Bounded by science? Bounded at all?  
The physicists declare the universe is finite but unbounded;  
The Din declares its Maker infinite and unbounded—  
There is no inconsistency here; only in ignorance is there inconsistency.  
I now declare the clarion call to all the working classes,  
Men who work, in whatsoever capacity they work.  
Fana is made well known to the saint of the jungle and cave;  
Half-saints have there been in every religion,  
Retiring from the world, thinking to obtain Allah;  
Say “I take my refuge in Allah and not in retirement;  
I take my refuge in Allah and not in society,  
I take my refuge in Allah and do not divide Allah from His universe,”  
There is no half-Grace in ultimate Islam.  
How can the working classes be emancipated,  
Listening to siren calls from those who were not their members?  
Over half the world the philosophy of some thinker—  
Proclaiming this is the welfare of the proletariat  
Has been substituted for the welfare of the proletariat—  
I was the prophet of the working classes; I proclaim Mohammed Abdallah.

Those blessed spiritual seekers in neighboring Bharata  
Have long been led astray; words are not their essence;  
A thousand discourses on any Karma-Yoga  
Do not produce a single grain of food,  
Nor add a whit of happiness to any human being—  
Yoga means God within us exhorting to action;  
Lectures mean ego-self resolving words,  
Which resolutions have produced the fruits of emptiness:  
The land is starving, the people starve, the lecture-wallahs continue;  
No one who has not worked in all humility  
Does anything but deceive with lectures on Karma-Yoga.

Let me explain: The Abdallah is the Karma-Yogin;  
The difference between the theory and practice  
Can be explicit on the surface of the earth—  
Nothing is added by mental proclamations; nufs takes refuge in logistics,  
Or rather is it sophistry to say that any philosophy is work—  
Work is the effort of mankind to produce some good,  
Whatever be its form, this and nothing else is labour.  
It may be quantitative, it may be qualitative,  
But Allah is found in every plane of creation,  
Not merely in vapid formulae of the beyond-the-beyond.  
Mankind, you have been led astray by formulae,  
And I repeat, there is no God but the Universal Allah—  
The formulae can never be complete; they can mislead.  
By work is the surface of this earth improved,  
By work does wealth arise and increase upon increase of wealth,  
By work are efforts of humankind made successful—by work.  
Only by the toils of mankind is the earth made better,  
Not by the will of man alone, but by his efforts,  
Nor shall we confine these efforts or limit undertakings,  
Or insist that society be over formula-rised,  
For the humanity must be free and free itself from limitation.  
That society which does not grow must be held effete:  
That society which does not increase man's wealth should be modified,  
That society which does not evidence in happiness  
Should be overthrown; it has no place in ultimate becoming.  
True the humankind must regard this world as a bridge,  
Not a place of resting—therefore do not rest,  
Labour and leave the fruits of action to Allah—  
Thus the proclamation of the prophets of the ages,  
But labour and do not limit to proclamations,  
For even of Allah it has been said: "He speaks and it was done."  
It was done by Him, and not by others,  
Even though the whole of the handiwork is His slave.  
This world was not made to starve the multitudes,  
To keep the masses in penury of either heart or body,  
This world was created for the human benefit,

Not only for the benefit but for the betterment,  
That on its surface be reflected the glories of the superworlds.

Now, my brethren of Bharata, the audiences-witnesses are not the actors,  
You can not live on formulae or feed on recipes;  
Intellectual dissertations on spiritual becoming are still manasic;  
What good to free the self from body if the selfhood still remains?  
So long as selfhood or analytical intellect remains hope is far off.  
Therefore no intellect suffices; rather turn to prayer,  
Prayer is from mankind and salvation from the Universal,  
But only in the actions thereof, not in the words of thereabout,  
The books are written but the vision of Divinity is far away.  
The books have been written by the sages of Bharata,  
The revelations have been given to the seers of Bharata,  
The teachings of their philosophy have been destroyed,  
For the analysis of revelation is the destruction of revelation;  
Who can describe Allah? Fools, that talk about Nirguna Brahman—  
As soon as there is talk there is no more Nirguna Brahman,  
The tongue is not the organ of divine union nor the mind nor ego,  
Victory in debate is not a stage in spiritual unfoldment  
The illuminated souls are few, the parched earth is most extensive,  
Even the non-dualistics do not see these two as one.

Cry, O Mohammed, cry ...  
How can I cry who am a simple man, how can I cry?  
Cry, O Mohammed, cry ...  
How can I cry who never had a father,  
I tried to cry but then my mother said:  
Trust, trust in Allah, He is your Guardian-father,  
But never cry, my brave son, never cry.  
How can I cry who early lost my mother,  
I tried to cry but then my uncle said,  
Trust, trust in Allah, He is your Guardian-Mother.  
I tried to cry, O Lord, I tried to cry ...  
I lived a simple life among my flocks,  
I lived a better life amid the camels,  
But famine came and wont and deprivation,  
I could not cry, my Lord, I could not cry—  
I bore my sufferings and calmed my heart,  
I could not cry, my Lord, I could not cry.

Cry, O Mohammed, cry ...  
I bow to Thee, O Lord, I bow in prayer,  
I submit to Thee, my God, in every way,  
But this I can not do, I can not cry.

Cry, cry, in the name of your Lord ...  
And thence I came to the summit of Arif,  
The mountain also called by Jesus, Tabor,  
Wherefrom I saw the world and all therein  
The little babies left without a father,  
The tiny orphans bereft without a mother,  
The widows, pulsed into want by illness or death,  
The lame, the halt, the blind, th' unwilling slave,  
The victims of tyranny, lust and greed —  
A fire burned in my heart, I frowned,  
I could not cry, I frowned, my neck was stiff.

Cry, cry in the name of your Lord ...  
A fever in my breast, a black spot in my heart  
And then it came ... a sigh ...  
The battle half won ...  
The Badr of my inner self.  
I swooned, drowned in a mighty voice:  
Cry, cry in the name of your Lord  
Who created all things from His boundless Love—  
Permeating the world of Rahman with His light,  
Permeating the world of Rahim with His shay,  
Whence the universal effulgence known as "blood,"  
Or **dam**, congealing becoming Adam ...  
Cry, cry in the name of your Lord  
Who created Adam from the **dam** congealed.

Every year another peace-plan, every decade another war.  
How great is "my" plan, oh humanity,  
How wonderful is "our" plan, O Lord—  
Without Allah the masjid-kafirs live,  
Without a mosque and orthodoxy the masjid-kafirs cannot live.  
"We are Muslims" say the autocratic masjid-kafirs" —  
Jesus was a Muslim" said the Prince of Mecca" —  
Moses was a Muslim" said Rassoul-lillah;  
"Noah was a Muslim" says the revelation.  
Now there is a division among the religionists:  
Those who believe in such Muslims as the revelation declares,  
Those who believe in Muslim-ism by self-determination.  
And so in the generations that have come,  
The term "Islam" is applied to self-determination.  
Lo, let us turn back the pages of history,  
Lo, let us even more turn back the vicissitudes of heart:  
"Allaho akbar" — my mind is not the source of greatness;  
"Allaho akbar" — the government is not the source of greatness;  
"Allaho akbar" — institutions are not the source of greatness;  
"Allaho akbar" — traditions and heritages are not the source of greatness;

“Allaho akbar” — there is no determination by the efforts of man.  
See, my friend there can be no peace on earth,  
And there being no possibility for peace,  
Let us turn in two directions, to discuss the nature of Mohammed,  
And then with utmost deliberation to discuss the nature of peace:

Perfection was is, and ever will be outside the realm of time —  
In the realms of time, of harb nothing is perfect,  
Because this world of time and harb, also being an aspect of perfection,  
Is that in which the perfection appears as imperfection,  
For that perfection which did not include also imperfection,  
Would not itself be all-inclusive and perfect.  
The universe was Good was God created it—  
But it was not the rock’s goodness, neither was it the goodness of the grass,  
For rocks deteriorate and grass becomes the fodder of many animals;  
The creation was “Good” but it was not the goodness of the tiger,  
For food may be scarce, or too many other tigers abound for comfort;  
Neither was the world “Good” for the fish or birds—  
Up to a point satisfaction, beyond that dissatisfaction.  
So what does man desire, and why does man desire?  
Desire and goodness stand as the poles apart,  
The quest for desire is the natural aptitude of this imperfection,  
The quest for peace is the natural aptitude of the reality within,  
Both being totally necessary for the consummation of the universe.

When the world was created there was the potentiality of absolute perfection,  
And form was made and part of the Absolute sought the perfection in form;  
And life was made and part of the universe sought the perfection in life—  
Yet from the very beginning was the Light out of which all of this,  
And from the very beginning the Love out of which all of this,  
The love-light sought the perfect form, even from the very beginning—  
“The sons of God sought the daughters of form” says the Hebrew Bible,  
The Purusha and the Prakrit united in disunion,  
They also separated in union— this being the mystery of being.

*Insert segment B*

Verily I am Abdullah—this is the Kingdom of the Cipher—  
Verily I am Rassoul-lillah—this is the Kingdom of Tawhid;  
Verily I am Abdullah—this is the mastery of generation,  
This is the absoluteness of the world;  
Verily I am Rassoul-lillah—this is the mastery of the Heavens,  
Verily I am Mohammed—this is mastery in the Absolute.  
Verily what is in Qur'an this is the Revelation-  
Verily what Qur'an has referred to as Revelation,  
This also is Revelation,  
Verily the deductions made from Qur'an, not revelation,  
Verily the customs of the people, even less revelation.  
If Jesus said, that is right, no matter the Ulema and the Imams;  
If Moses said, that is right, no matter the Ulema and the Imams;  
If Buddha said, that is right, no matter the Ulema and the Imams;  
If Krishna said, that is right, no matter the Ulema and the Imams.

Qur'an is an eternal revelation, if it be accepted as eternally revealed—  
If Qur'an says other than other Scriptures, so be it,  
The earlier Scriptures may be replaced;  
If Qur'an says other than the customs, so be it,  
The later decisions must be wiped away.  
There is Qur'an-Islam and there is Adat-Islam,  
Qur'an-Islam is from Allah being Qur'anmullan,  
Adat-Islam is your religion and your unbelief—  
If Qur'an disputes with earlier Scriptures, so be it—  
But if later decisions conflict with Holy Qur'an, what is that?  
Do you think your kings, your potentates, your mighty  
Have any power in heaven—oh, yes you do—  
If you honestly concede this power to your rulers,  
Allah the Merciful shall be ready to forgive,  
But if you deny this power to the rulers  
Yet accept their every decision—then you are damned  
For by your hypocrisy you are cast, spell-bound—  
The victim of the tyrant, the unwilling slave  
Is subject to the Mercy of Allah,  
But the two-faced must just himself, he cannot keep both parts,  
And neither into heaven or naar, but barzakh,  
And whatever decision he may make shall be his doom—  
To the followers of Qur'an—the heavens;  
To the victims of the mighty—forgiveness;  
To the hypocrites, exactly as says Qur'an.

Qur'an becomes the final revelation,  
Only if there were earlier revelations—  
If you do not accept the earlier, what the final?  
What is this acceptance of any revelation—

What is this revelation, is it a revelling?  
Is revelling in words to displace the degrees of Allah?  
Now that you have your freedom, what of Adat?  
What is the tauba, but a return to the Almighty?  
Am I greater than Krishna—then where my joy?  
Am I greater than Buddha—then where my peace?  
Am I greater than Jesus—then where my love?  
In Tawhid joy—not withstanding all the saints;  
In Tawhid peace—notwithstanding all your rulers.  
In Tawhid love—notwithstanding all your self-interest.

Come, lovers of Allah and lovers of me,  
Look into the bosom of finality—  
Stop resisting claims which you can not disprove,  
Stop accepting claims which you neither can prove—  
He is no messenger who does not carry a message,  
He still is Pagambar if he brings the truth.

\*\* (At this point there is a page missing from the original manuscript) \*\*

There is a joy in heavens in music and dancing,  
There is a joy in heavens reflected in life,  
There is a joy in heavens, and heavens within joy—  
These things are as close as is the light and day.  
Did I come to the world to abolish the blessings of heavens?  
Allah forgive me if such has been the case.  
Look at the lowly Krishna, tender of the animals,  
Look at the simple man content with his flute—  
Those who worship the cow are black-shadowed in the hereafter;  
Those who follow the cow-boy can pursue the path through the heavens.  
Let us start at the beginning my beloved,  
Let us continue on the journey as beloved—  
Let your hearts proceed as you look after the camel and donkey;  
Let your hearts expand when with the sheep and the kine;  
Let your hearts glow forth in the presence of any animal,  
But not make a crystallization of this glow.  
The animals have their places in this cosmos,  
Within the temple of love, but far below man,  
To love the animal is a noble beginning,  
But if it becomes the end—then seek for refuge,  
For surely you are nothing but idolaters.  
Yet even the kindly idolater is better  
Than he who shows cruelty to the unprotected.  
Do you think that the kings of earth proceed to heaven?  
Do you think that five-a-day makes the entrance fee?  
The abolition of smiling is the abolition of Mercy;  
The abolition of joy is the abolition of Compassion;  
The abolition of music is the abolition of Love,

Greater than all the Ulemas was any Pagambar;  
Greater than all the saints the Messengers of God—  
These belong to the things of eternity, not to time,  
These are interlinked with Tawhid, not with Cipher.  
No man on earth, despite the millions of claimings,  
Has followed in the career of noble Sri Krishna,  
For believers disdain the path of Abdullah,  
And overemphasize the personality of the Elect—  
It is nufs that emphasizes personality,  
It is ruh that is bound with endless delight.  
The early careers of Mohammed and Krishna the same—  
The one with revelations through his music,  
The other with revelations through his life—  
The life is more than the music, but unseparate—  
In Tawhid no exclusions of any kind.  
Who hearkens now to the Voice of Maulana Roum?  
Why argue over the differences between Krishna and me—  
The Masnavi has proved what is the truth.

I am the spirit of joy in every creature,  
I am the smiling infant within the womb,  
I am the little one crouching to his mother,  
I am the livingness of the expanding heart,  
I am the pulsation of the throbbing blood,  
I am the feeding by the blood of the cells of the body,  
As Rassoul-lillah I nourish every tiny cell,  
As Abdullah I remove the wastes thereof—  
Within the body and within the cosmos,  
With the society, within the individual,  
It is the same Ana 'l-Haak.

Islam has always been called the religion of submission,  
Islam has also been called the faith of peace.  
Submission to what? you asserters of many maxims?  
Submission to your tyrants and your landlords,  
Submission to the mighty and the proud,  
And submission, most of all to your clamoring egos—  
Qur'an above Allah and Hadith above Qur'an,  
Sunna above Hadith and Fikh above Sunna  
And Adat above Fikh until the word  
"Islam" has become a simile for warfare.  
No longer submission to the Glorious Allah,  
But "we want Kashmir," "we must have Irian,"  
"We demand Mauretania, we submit claims—"  
Not submission to Allah but submitting claims,  
No wonder, you Ulema, the power is taken from you,  
And others must spread the Message over the earth.

And what is this peace? And does it come through submission?  
Allah has no partners, and neither peace,  
There is no "peace-with-justice" or any "peace-with,"  
"Peace-with" is the urging of Iblis and nufs,  
"Peace-with" is not submission by any means,  
You can not have "peace-with" and also have peace.  
There was a noble prince and he gave up everything,  
He mastered every avenue of submission,  
And by his ascendancy in fana, the baqa was self-revealed.  
This is the story of Buddha, oh Muslim-Muslims,  
Oh believers that really submit, do not assert.  
The path of the Arhat is that of nufs mutmaina;  
The path of the Bodhisattva nufs-selima,  
There is no difference in religion or revelation,  
Only climed and timed and derivative proceedings  
Cause the eye of the age to view the picture differently.

Think you by throwing your candles in the volcano,  
You increase the almost powerful light to the sun?  
The light is diminished by every sort of shadow,  
The light is shadowed by every sort of light—  
This is the law of the natural world of Nasur,  
This is a fundamental principle in worldly science,  
And also in the sciences of the unseen.  
There is a Silence which penetrates the world,  
There is a Silence which penetrates all worlds,  
There is a Silence from which every creature has come,  
There is a Silence into which all forms will merge and fade-  
There is a Silence.  
It is not a silence of the dying dead,  
Neither the silence of the living dead,  
It is a Silence, yet is the womb of Being,  
The ears do not hear, the eyes do not see, but There it is,  
We are in it and it penetrates each atom,  
We are in it and of it also were made,  
But forms proceeding from the silence dissever  
And so we have the phenomena of the cosmos,  
The phenomena of the seen and also the infra-seen,  
The phenomena of the supra-seen of many kinds—  
All embodied, all fundamented in this Silence.

I was a wandering in the desert silence,  
The meaning of this silence became impressive,  
The meaning of this silence became oppressive,  
The existence of any meaning became an enigma,  
And then the Doors were opened to my vision—  
Do you think Benares and Mecca are fast apart?  
Buddha sat with his disciples in the silence,

And to Ananda his cousin it was not then revealed,  
But ultimately to Ananda was it revealed.  
Mohammed sat with his disciples in the Silence  
And to Ali his cousin it was then revealed—  
It does not mean that flesh and blood are preeminent,  
It was an accident that kinship was there,  
As a matter of history the kinship was there,  
But as a matter of metaphysics this is nothing but nufs.  
**Allah Reveals to Whom He Will Reveal When He Will Reveal—**  
To claim flesh and blood in any form denies  
The ultimate unconditioned supremacy of Allah—  
Allah hath no partners in thought—this is as it is;  
Allah hath all partners in love—this is as it is-  
No partnership in any form of self-thought;  
All partnership in every form of self-less love.  
Islam has long since ceased to be the religion of peace;  
Islam has also failed to promote submission—  
Submission **With**, peace **With**, the “With” is damnation,  
The “with,” is more than a superior to Allah—  
Give up, O Muslims and you shall control the earth;  
Insist, O Muslims and you will not control yourselves.  
Do you imagine that in any court of justice,  
Even the least of the least is not permitted to testify?

When you say, “This is unthinkable,” then you are damned;  
When you think, “This is impossible” then you are doomed—  
There is no “unthinkable,” “impossible” in Allah.  
Peace has been proclaimed, submission has been proclaimed—  
This is Revelation, this is religion.  
“With” has been proclaimed, this is nufsaniat, this is damnation.

The essence of Buddha’s teachings comes in **prajna**;  
The essence of Mohammed’s teachings comes in **kashf**;  
What difference is there other than in the language?  
What is wisdom? What is insight? What intuition?  
To rise above the “what” and ask no questions,  
To feel at peace with the Spirit of the Cosmos,  
The drink of the waters of the Stream of Life,  
To eat of the food that is called the “Bread of Heaven”  
This is prajna; this is kashf, this wisdom-insight,  
This the flowing of the river back to its source,  
This also the emptying of the river into the Ocean.

Peace and blessings unto Rassoul-lillah  
Has been the echo of myriad multitudes of devotees—  
Peace and blessings, so runs Qur’an-Islam.  
Peace and Justice is now the universal outcry,  
With peace meaning ego-satisfaction

And justice meaning ego-satiation.  
Wherefore the course of this Adat-Islam,  
Listening to Iblis, but opaque to Allah?  
Peace and blessings from a universal source—  
Peace and blessings—so the lesson of Tawhid—  
In Allah both are amalgamated and merged,  
Only in language do they appear as different.  
The Peace of Allah is effulgent with every blessing,  
The Blessings of Allah are the signature of living peace—  
There is a peace of the grave and peace of the tomb,  
There is another peace of slavery and conquest,  
There is a peace which subverts man to man,  
Which turns him to the greater and the lesser.  
There is that Marvelous Peace from whence all came,  
From Allah we all proceeded to Him return—  
Thus the continuing echo of Qur'an,  
Thus not, the raucous noise of Adat-Islam  
Which assumed the superiority of man over man  
Even while proclaiming brotherhood.  
We shall no longer declaim, defile these ignorers of Allah—  
Sing rather of the Marvelous Peace and blessings,  
This was the teaching of Buddha, this Buddha-ism,  
This also continued in the career of Buddha-Maitreya,  
The Buddha self-returned, reborn at Mecca,  
Completing his former career with a family life,  
Completing his former career as Abdullah,  
Working as the simplest of the simple,  
Working as the most industrious of the labouring,  
Working as a servant in actuality,  
And not labeling some falsehood as obeisance,  
Truly lifting mankind from behind,  
Truly beckoning mankind from above,  
Being the first and last in actuality,  
Thus Mohammed, thus Qur'an-Islam.

Praise to Qur'an-Islam which thus completed  
The spiritual messages of every age,  
Nor neglecting even the simplest of mankind.  
In Heaven Allah is the Judge of this humanity,  
In the after-life He knows all your progressions,  
Transgressions are well known, each recording the others,  
But progressions are the Mercies of your Lord—  
Think not that you can determine or predetermine—  
The whole earth is of Allah and so creation,  
And so for the whole humanity, peace and blessings?  
Who are the auliya? Who the serving abdals?  
The messengers of peace and blessing to mankind—  
Not the Messengers of Allah in all His magnitude—

That work having been completed in Medina,  
But the messengers of peace and blessing are with you,  
Bringing blessings through peace and also peace through blessings.

If the Buddhist achieves nufs mutmaina and a Muslim does not,  
Who stands as the superior before their Maker?  
Do claims add a single whit to your spiritual stature?  
Who finds his satisfaction in His Lord,  
Watching over the clanging nufs, calming the heart,  
This is nufs mutmaina, the station of the arhat.  
The Buddha Gautama appeared before the intellectuals,  
While Rassoul-lillah incarnated for the ignorant,  
Showing that in Allah there are not these differences  
But to the ignorant wisdom also was inculcated  
And added to the accomplishment of devotees.  
Devotion is not enough, wisdom must be added;  
Wisdom is not enough, devotion must be added.  
What is this nufs selima of which the wise speak?  
It is the radiation of peace and blessings,  
It is a living contentment which disciples perceive,  
It is a chain of exemplaries through the centuries,  
Manifesting and relaying the Light which was in Mohammed,  
Which Light has never since been withdrawn from earth—  
Though khalifs and tyrants go (never condemned by the Ulema),  
Though despots and murderers usurp thrones (neither were they condemned),  
Though the powerful suppressed the weak—also not condemned,  
And the free had to work much harder than the slave,  
Protection and guidance have never been withdrawn—  
The chains of murshids are the chains of nufs selima,  
The chains of murshids extend this “Peace and Blessing,”  
Not limited to the Mosque but refused by publications,  
Not limited to the Mosque but decried by emotionally ignorant,  
Even in the midst of denouncements, “Peace and Blessings” stand,  
They shall stand and Peace-and-Blessings stand,  
And though every politician in this world  
Utter another motto, like “peace with justice,”  
There is no justice excepting what Allah has chosen,  
Nor peace which calms the heart without His grace,  
And though the Adat-Muslims control the byways,  
Though they arouse the crowds to unchecked emotions,  
The Qur’an-Muslims will dominate in the end—  
They began with Mustapha and Siddiq in the cave,  
They shall end with outward control of all the world,  
Even as they now have the inward control,  
Who act as vice-gerents in this creation.  
When a single gentle man of nufs selima  
Pours forth his radiance upon the earth,  
Multitudes are becalmed and satisfied,

So it was, has been and always shall it be,  
For the Wise, Compassionate Lord wills not otherwise—  
Through all the storms and disasters and ill-fate,  
There is an inner warmth of love and protection,  
Though it manifest not before the sensuous,  
Though it is not otherwise within the heart.  
Peace and Blessing, the outcry of Qur'an-Muslims,  
Peace and Justice—from those who are Iblis led,  
Contending with one another over these terms,  
Bathing the world in blood unless properly checked.  
If there is nufs mutmaina, why East Pakistan?  
If Allah is the Compassionate, why East Pakistan?  
If Allah is ever-merciful, why East Pakistan?  
The people of nufs selima reduced to silence,  
The storms abound and wind and tidal wave—  
Do you not see the warnings of your Lord?  
Do you not perceive the utterances of your Maker?  
Will you not submit to Him, just for a single while?

There is the Ineffable before the All,  
The transcendental Expressionless Being of Beings,  
Wherein nothing that can be expressed can be inferred,  
And the totality of silence is supramental;  
Out of which came first the Aspects of Unity,  
Which as aspects of Unity are empty terms,  
But all-including, all-inclusive essences  
Wherein the qualities of Allah are so merged  
That drawing a single thread brings the fullness;  
For the sake of simplicity and understanding,  
These screen-grated into the worlds of mind,  
Differentiations being mere accommodations,  
And not descriptive of the nature of Essence.  
Dying the Buddha summoned the totality of existence  
Passing to Parinirvana to leave blessings for the whole;  
Living Mohammed summoned the totality of existence,  
Sustaining the blessings of the whole through history.  
Tell me of the nature of Allah and shay—  
Ali saw Allah only; Abu Bekr Allah and shay together—  
The saints throughout the early periods of Islam  
Sought and saw Allah alone, abandoning shay,  
This is the nature of auliya, subservient to Risalat,  
This neglects in every manner the positive abdu.  
Does Allah prefer the saint who has forsaken all?  
For Whom how he forsaken all, and why—  
No monasticism in Islam, but an endless array of ascetics;  
No clergymen in Islam but an endless succession of preachers—  
Does “ashadu” add a single strand to “La Ellaha El Il Allah?”  
Does “ashadu” bring any confirmation of “Mohammedar Rassoul-lillah?”

Where in this stream of verbal assurance  
Is there manifestation of “peace-and-blessings” and light?  
Without the “ashadu” but with the pure Kalam,  
Without the ashadu but with the Slave of the Essence—  
Is Mohammed Maitreya Buddha or are the only empty claims  
Without the manifestation of “peace-and-blessings” —  
No compromise with these if satisfaction is to be attained.  
Peace can only be peace and not a verbal insistence;  
Peace can only be peace, either in the nufs mutmaina  
Or in the higher accomplishments of human kind.  
The saint is the arhat in Islam  
Seeking salvation for himself alone,  
Nor passing the line of purity to another;  
The pure Sufi is the Bodhisattva  
Sharing in holy communion the blessings and peace received,  
But the Abdullah is the Buddha returned to earth,  
Completing the perfectibility in the daily life—  
The city and not the silence; occupation and not sloth;  
The family and not the hermit; neither in want nor wanting.

The Pure Essence coming to fulfilment in Buddha  
Did not pass the peace-and-blessings to mankind,  
So most of his followers fell by the way,  
Retaining the prescriptions but not the medicine.  
So to the world came Jesus, the Messiah,  
Leaving his teachings behind in another age,  
But the transmission of light fell short ... why this?  
In Jesus the very light of the universe,  
But not the silsila thereof through his companions,  
Until a world of greater darkness became.  
The person of Jesus-Rassoul is totally magnified,  
The person of Jesus Abdullah is largely forgot,  
Excepting by the monks who withdraw from society;  
The person of Mohammed Rassoul is totally magnified,  
The person of Mohammed Abdullah largely forgot.

I saw the man of Mecca in a million guises:  
The widow gleaned grain in the after-harvest;  
The peasant compelled to work every day at some task;  
The dispossessed poverty stricken, homeless, wandering;  
I saw him in the little child compelled to beg,  
And in another working in the granary,  
In many work attached to industries’ wheels  
(The mullahs continue to read Qur’an on Friday,  
The orphans continue, continue, continue, in want.)  
I saw the cowardly owner beat his buffalo,  
The poltroon throwing stones at some dog,  
The donkey overburdened and the camel,

And Rassoul standing, blessing the poor beasts—  
Who is it that enters the Kingdom of Judgment?

I saw the overburdened debtor dispossessed,  
The interested-chained even in the folds of Adat-Islam;  
I have been in many hospitals and on the battlefield,  
With Mohammed Abdullah leading the way.  
Wherever there has been suffering, he the sufferer;  
Wherever there has been disease, he the patient;  
He the receiver of pain and torture and judgement through bribery,  
He the severely ordered, the compelled to continual task,  
He the raped weak maiden, he the overladen widow  
(The mullahs continue to read Qur'an on Friday,  
The orphans continue, continue, continue in want.)  
Lo the day of Risalat, and no Rassoul—  
Lo the day of Risalat, and no rewards—  
Lo, the day of Risalat without blessings and peace,  
Lo, the day of Risalat; and far away  
Mohammed Abdullah summoning all the afflicted of creation—  
Man, bird, beast and even other creatures  
Leading the way to a purified existence  
Both in the worlds beyond and on this earth.  
There is a Sacred Mosque in the Highest Heaven  
Whose Imam is Mohammed, but only as Abdullah—  
Where so the saints are excluded and self elected,  
Reserved to other heavens of lesser purity—  
Ana' l-Haak—this is the sign of Tawhid;  
Ana' l-Haak—this is the sign of completion;  
Ana' l-Haak—this is the sign of perfection.  
Affirmations of perfection add less than nothing—  
The sunlight is not increased by candle and torch,  
Nor diminished by clouds and shadows,  
And he who will abandon for the sake of abandonment,  
Caring neither for Heaven nor even for higher bliss,  
Will find the Universe in all its fullness.  
O Mohammed tell me what you are and I shall not subtract;  
O Mohammed tell me whom you are and I shall not detract;  
O Mohammed utter your own affirmations that I may follow;  
O Mohammed tell me, that I may listen;  
O Mohammed instruct me, that I may know—  
I denounce my own denouncements,  
I denounce my own affirmations  
**La Illah El Illah**—and no “ashadu”  
Mohammed Abdu wa Rassoul lillah and no “ashadu,”  
Only those in Mushahida may testify.

I see shay and Allah together, omitting nothing—  
Mohammed not only in the downtrodden but in all,  
Abdullah not only in the suffering but in all,  
Abdullah openly proclaiming in the recipient of pain,  
Abdullah heavily covered in the giver of pain,  
But the Allah in all contains the All, actually everything—  
Loving only Allah, the love is short;  
Esteeming only Allah, leaves self-estimation,  
Allah is The in the, and Thingness in Thing,  
Life in body, form in creation,  
Accepting which even saintship is abandoned—  
The arhat gives way to the bodhisattva,  
The transmission of Pure Light is thus assured.

Salutation to Abdul Kadiri Jilani,  
Saviour of saintship from the doors to hell,  
Rescuer of the half-coin lovers of Allah,  
Fulfiller of the path to absolution,  
Including everything bypassed and passed,  
Dropping nothing on the way to liberation.  
Why did Allah create if there were no purpose?  
Why did Allah perform if there were no reason?  
Why not retain the souls in some heaven—  
Is man nothing but an angel in a body,  
Or was he selected for a grander mission,  
To fulfill the “peace-and-blessings” upon the earth?  
So O All creation to “peace-and-blessings,”  
Work, O all creation in “peace and blessings,”  
Do, and never neglect the final remembrance,  
For Zikr without self-effort and daily tasks,  
Was not the revelation of the Qur’an?  
Did not Jesus declare—end vain repetitions?  
I tell you beloved, the repetitions without the love  
Can lead to hell, even though a glorious saint—  
The manifestation of light may be followed by darkness  
Until one respects the light-and-darkness together—  
God gave all-but abandonment is a human effort;  
Live in the world and respect the place of the world,  
Assist Allah in fulfilling the purpose of being,  
Follow Mohammed in even the smallest task—  
Which often is much greater than the greatest  
A mite to a widow may be greater than a thousand prayers;  
A mite to a widow much greater than the totality of supererogation—  
Fasts that are not prescribed may lead to performance of miracles,  
Miracles not prescribed may become the doorways of hell,  
Shay and Allah together complete Islam;  
Abdullah and Rassoul together complete revelation.

*Insert segment C*

I am the king of kings and the slave of slaves—  
He who hails me only as the Supreme Shah-in-shah,  
Nor cognizes me as slave of slaves dishonors me;  
He who sees me only as the vilest of slaves,  
Nor as Master of the universe dishonors himself.

Allaho Akbar! What is Power?  
O Hydrogen Atom, Bethlehem-Ephrata of Chemistry,  
The lowliest of the least, the miniscule,  
Yet possessing an almost infinite power of destruction,  
Regardless of the immensity of the material manifestation,  
Regardless of endless processes of transformation,  
If in you, the least, so much power has been uncovered—  
Power for harnessing, power for dismemberment,  
Where is Allaho Akbar? Where is not Hydrogen Kabir?

What is this Islamistan that has no money to feed the poor  
But endless sums for the study of Nuclear Physics?  
How is it that prosperity manifests in the West,  
Though beset by seemingly impossible problems?  
Who is it that Allah is leading to truth and wonders?  
Wherein does the moral matrix of the universe make itself known?  
How can it be that the Unbelievers have achieved such ends?  
Is there anything at all possible without permission of Allah?  
Who meditates on these accomplishments? Nay, who meditates at all.  
If a speck of a speck of a speck of a speck of Hydrogen,  
What of the conglomeration of a synthesis of syntheses?  
If a speck of a speck of a speck of a speck of Hydrogen,  
If so much in the infinitude of the infinitesimal,  
If the endless grandeur in the phenomena of neutron and neutrino,  
What then of this living biological universe?  
What is the least? Where is the greatest?  
Who is the least? Who is the greatest?

O simple cell of protoplasmic elegance,  
How vast the potentialities assimilated in your form—  
Capacities for stresses and electrical variations,  
For chemical and mechanical adjustments,  
With that wonderful faculty of freedom-movement,  
Unshackled from the mineral spatial bondage.  
Are not the phenomena of your wonder,  
Evolving not only into higher zoological forms,  
But even out of your bosoms these processors of hormones,  
The counterbalancing living emblems to death and destruction.  
Alas, wonders are overridden by superstitions,  
Superstitions rape the doctrines,

Superstitions seraglorize the vocabularies,  
The livingness of life trapped by the words of perpetual dying.

And what is man that we should be so mindful of him?  
Even the Scripture-reciters confining him to hell,  
Even the scandal-mongers taking refuge in propriety—  
Man whose very bodies supereclipse the cellular formations—  
If a cell far beyond the atoms and the molecules,  
If the body far beyond the cellular activities—  
Can the poetry of numbers express in googols?  
Can the Russells and the Contros and the Freges geometrize?  
Is a child Einstein to lead them to the Promise Lands,  
Are the “Pastures of Wonder” the possessions of a group?  
Ah, poor people, caught in the webs of superanalysis;  
Ah, the poor elite, caught in the phantasies of differentiation,  
Ah, the logics which add to the confusions settling nothing—  
The mind is now so enraptured by the universe,  
The mind is quite unconscious of its own capacities,  
The ways of syntheses and abstraction and integration,  
Scaling to the cosmic harmonies of universal outlooks?  
What is power? Who creates and how does destruction enter?  
If all this vastness beyond the vastness of the atoms;  
If all this vastness beyond the vastness of the cell;  
If all this vastness beyond the vastness of created bodies;  
If all this vastness beyond the vastness of the universe—  
Who can comprehend the Universal Love,  
Who can understand the Mercy and Compassion and Forgiveness,  
Who can behold, with eyes of a lakh of outlooks?  
Who is this Prince of Princes and Slave of Slaves?  
Who calls me Prince but recognizes not the slave,  
Dishonors me;  
Who emphasize the servility and abrogates the leadership,  
Dishonors himself.

You say you love Mohammed, O you saints of Islam,  
You say you love Mohammed, have you done as he said?  
You go away to jungles—you say you love Mohammed;  
You flee far from the cities—you say you love Mohammed.  
Where is the widow that you helped, where the orphan girls?  
And loving Allah, have you loved the homeless orphan boys?  
You say you love Allah alone—how does one know you love?  
You get into a drunken state—is that the sign of love?  
Is love a treasure to be held or is it to be shared?  
Is love a secret guarded state or is it all around?  
You imitate Mohammed with henna hair and beard,  
How many of you lovers have a real henna heart?  
You say you loved as Rassoul loved, where is your Khadijah?  
You say you loved as Rassoul loved, where is your Fatimah?

## Rassoul Gita

You say you loved as Rassoul loved, where is your Ayesha?  
How can you love as Mohammed loved who was an Abdallah?  
Did he befriend those near at hand, turn strangers from his door?  
Or whip the animals around or throw stones at any cur?  
You say you love Rassoul-lillah, yet you spurn Abdallah?  
You say you love Rassoul-lillah, then why spurn Abdallah?

Who holds the heavens and the earth—not Rassoul but Abdallah,  
Who holds the world in proper ways, not Rassoul but Abdallah.  
Rassoul brought forth the book, Qur'an, as Messenger of God,  
In other things from birth to death Mohammed was Abdallah—  
An orphan child, compelled to work, Mohammed was Abdallah;  
He never lied, he never gossiped, Mohammed was Abdallah,  
Who was this Khadijah beloved, Mohammed was Abdallah,  
Who was this father of a household, Mohammed was Abdallah;  
Who sanctified his adult child, Mohammed was Abdallah;  
This adult child, a girl at that, Mohammed was Abdallah;  
O ghostly saints, with fervid price, loving Allah alone,  
Prove that you love in such a state, focusing on yourselves,  
Neglecting the creatures God has made, rejecting the earth itself,  
Neglecting the attributes of Allah and even holy books—  
Was there the slightest personage that Abdallah neglected?  
Was there a lowly beggar even that Abdallah neglected?  
Yes, in his service to his God, Mohammed was Abdallah—  
Fulfilling every attribute, Mohammed was Abdallah.

*Draft*

As-shadu Mohammed Abdullah.

The half eggshell of Islam has long remained quite incomplete  
Owing to the addition of enthusiastic devotees  
Who, in their semi-allegiance to Holy Qur'an and Hadith  
Tend to overlook specific words and teachings.  
Qur'an was revealed as a perfect whole on the Grand Night  
But in the editorial submission to the world  
The equality of revelation was not balanced  
By an economy in the use of words; therefore  
Besides the overlooking of the essence of Rahman and Rahim,  
Half the story of the holy man of Mecca  
Has remained a semi-secret among the elite,  
Although the words were plainly spoken by the Prophet of God,  
"I am the servant of Allah."

Too long has servitude remained a pseudo-norm,  
Placing men on earth in ranks quite unsuitable  
To any mosque in heaven. The oversight  
Of Love, Compassion and Beneficence is sinful,  
And all the more because in the name of Islam,  
Compulsion has been utilized while the word "submission" used—  
Submission is submission, nothing else,  
But submission in the light of Compassion and Beneficence,  
And not the forceful subservience of the slave.  
Is Jesus greater than Mohammed to be the last as well as the first?  
And who is there who has a right to abrogate such teachings  
That the servant of you would become the greatest of the rest?  
So such prophecies as are contained in Scriptures  
That do not assimilate to social usages  
Are bypassed and the wisdom of the universe  
Has been lost. "Allaho akbar" —five times a day in the prayer,  
But elsewhere the tyrant is superior or law or custom,  
"Allaho akbar" for a few minutes only; beware of the authorities!

I am the greatest of the great  
Only when I am also the littlest of the least—  
I stand above the foremost ranks of all creation,  
When I am also hidden in the microcosmic.  
Every Prophet has been lauded as King of Kings—  
Himself he did not laud, the followers do this—  
All Praise is to Allah, but being outwitted  
The half of my face is lost because other praise  
Is summoned by the worshippers thinking to bribe  
Their way into the highest heavens.  
There I am cleaning the Mosque, too busy to engage in prayer;

There I am watching the shoes, too occupied to join in Nimaz—  
I watch to see the burglar does not enter nor the pickpocket,  
I watch the souls of all who enter in—too busy to engage in prayer.  
I am called the Beloved and mankind the Lover,  
But I say I am the Lover, mankind the Beloved.  
I am the mother tendering her infant,  
The father when he protects his family,  
I am the husband who really loves his wife,  
The wise, also who submits to her husband.  
I am the mortar mixer for the brick masons,  
The laborer who carries wood for carpenters,  
The water-bearer in all aspects of his calling.  
I am that dhobi who is washing your clothes  
And the sweeper whom you otherwise disdain.

When the cosmologist seeks me in the heavens  
I am hiding in the complications of the atom,  
For wherever there is light, there is Allah,  
And wherever there is Allah, I enter into His formation,  
To prayer thereto, for every item is mosque.  
I am, nor can I be the grandeur of the galaxies  
Unless also the phosphorescent ray—  
Even more than the greatest of the great,  
I am the littlest of the least and of my seeking.  
When you are in pain, you may summon me to your call;  
I am the guardian of the threshold of your life,  
And also the caretaker before the door of death.  
The beggar that you have turned away, that was I,  
The widow that you have not compassionated, me;  
I every orphan that was ever born;  
I am that worker that you have persistently dogged,  
I am the hungry children outwitted by you beggars,  
I am the labourer, also the sweat of his brow,  
I am the energy that instills his efforts  
So that calling, "Allah! Allah!" he can better work,  
And a thousand times better to his credit,  
The cry of "Allah" as he labours on,  
Than all the soothing syrup formal prayers.  
Remembrance is a duty to your God,  
But loving remembrance is a blessing to yourself.

When your hills lay barren, it is I who Suffer;  
The treasures in the rocks are tumors in my breast,  
The removal of which brings wealth to all the people,  
And relieves me of a burden bringing pain,  
When a tree is planted I surely enter into it,  
And better than your Mosques are fields and forests,  
For thereby I also give sustenance to mankind—

The sustenance of field and forest is quite evident,  
The pseudo-sustenance of the mosque is incomplete—  
In Holy Qur'an I spoke many times of Gardens,  
But how often is the mosque mentioned in Holy Script—  
Do you think the mention of Gardens was a sport?  
Do you think my interest in Date-Planting was a game?  
Do you think my message consisted only of revelations,  
And that my deeds were not to be copied by devotees?  
I am the least of mureeds before every murshid,  
And sometimes I become the Murshid himself  
When he seeks Allah and so distributes blessing,  
But not when he seeks the leadership for himself  
And thus denounces Mohammed, Abdullah.

I swept my floors—but what think you of sweepers?  
I cooked for my wives—what part of that in Islam?  
I share with everybody who came to doors,  
I called no act disgraceful—none, if the were a labour of love.

Do you think that you can outsit the dhobi in the heavens?  
Do you think the sweeper has a lesser place  
While the tyrant whom you dare not oppose  
Is given a special place to say his prayers?  
I tell you, my devotees that on the Day of Judgment  
Positions are reversed, quite every one—  
The general will serve his privates and the commissioner  
Will have to compensate for every wrong turn of justice,  
Most of your kings—whom you Imams dare not oppose  
Are given their places in Naar—and the Imams may choose  
Whether to serve those kings—or have their special Naar,  
Doubly damned because they selected other than Allah.

Do you think this tyrant of Yemen is not observed?  
“He is a Muslim”—his punishment all the greater,  
And those who did not dare to oppose his villainy  
Must learn the path of servitude as well  
As being-privileged to call Rassoul-lillah.  
But Rassoul-lillah also expressed his humility,  
Not as an part of philosophy—  
The baby-sitter, the guardian of the widow,  
The compassion of the lowliest laborer—  
He did not sit among the rich and powerful,  
Nor did his companions who immediately came after.  
What is this Islamic State—the institutes of Omar?  
Or the institutions which bear the name of Islam,  
Affirmations and not surrender-proceeding.  
That is not wrong, it merely is half-right  
And the half-right people can only be so rewarded.

Think of the very patient water-carrier.  
Whether he sells or gives it does not matter,  
His lowly craft bring him exaltation  
As no monarch of any land can ever merit—  
The heavens are based in Justice, Wisdom and Love,  
Nor the words of “justice, wisdom and love,”  
But the very essence of these principals.  
I do not judge—that is left to Allah,  
But wisdom and love are ever pouring from my heart.

Islam is judged; does it bring the people happiness?  
Islam is judged; does it bring the people food?  
Islam is judged; does it bring the people comforts?  
How many of you is satisfied with your existence,  
Free in your minds form blaming the world around you?  
By blame you are judge even more than by wrong actions,  
I would lift you up—to see my humility;  
I would release your sorrow—but not through emotion.  
I would intercede for you but this would deprive  
You of the greatest opportunity to be like me.  
This is only the beginning by it can be the end—  
Without Abdullah, there can be no Islam—  
Islam by its very connotation  
Means the willful surrender of the happy soul,  
And this was I, and this may be all of you.

*Part 2*

La Illaha.

La Illaha, all the rest is commentary.

There are the sounds of praising in a multitude of heavens,  
Where each is free to praise as his heart would say,  
For nothing is worthy save the existence of Allah—  
Not the thoughts of men, not the ideals of men, not the religions of men.  
You orthodox, so intent on boasting, change the weather—  
Change the fate of Nations, change the fate of yourselves!

Sing of the heart of the Messenger who in his time  
Set down examples for the world to follow  
Nor increased his glory in the sight of God  
By performing a single virtue with hope of reward.  
Sing to the heart of the Messenger that you may assimilate  
These rewardless virtues which encompass the world,  
Sing with the heart of the Messenger,  
And not alone with your willful words ...  
This is prayer indeed, and this is bliss.

Not by your praised am I praised before Allah,  
Not by your praise is a single iota added to my status,  
Nor will your place in heaven be increased  
By any attempt to bribe the Eternal Being,  
For first there must come surrender, then success,  
And even after the surrender is achieved,  
A careful watching over the villainy of nufs,  
Always disguising satan as an external enemy,  
And yet quite unaware of the Greater Jihad.  
Soon there will come an opportunity and a sacrifice,  
A choice is being laid before all so-called Muslims,  
Whether they know the meaning of surrender,  
Whether they know the complexion of peace,  
Or whether their self-wills soothed with words  
They forget the essence and the Message of Allah.  
The self-asserting is not, can never be a Muslim  
Though he proclaim the Unity of Allah,  
Though he pray with the exactitude a sufficient number of times,  
Though he keep the fast and even the pilgrimage.  
A million Muslims congregated in Malakut,  
Each assured of the highest place therein—  
Their hearts were weighed, their attitudes toward the orphan,  
Their treatment of the widow and the poor  
And each was set in judgment on the others—  
Allah did not judge thee, they judged themselves,  
Whatever they said on earth was revealed before them,  
Producing a mighty clamor and a recognition,

That even with the pillars they were not yet Muslims,  
They had surrendered to nothing but self will.  
For when Allah speaks the Muslims are filled with joy;  
When Allah tells, the Muslims are circumscribed by light,  
The hearts become angelic and they know their inner selves,  
There is no heaviness within, the black spots are removed.

*The Conquest of Pakistan*

Kashmir is lost.  
The submissive ones have long since lost their self-will,  
The submissive ones are attendant on Allah,  
The submissive praise in adversity and in glory,  
The submissive ones praise, this is Islam.

“Allaho akbar” —no appeal to the United Nations;  
“Allaho akbar” —no appeal to the allied countries;  
“Allaho akbar” —no appeal to the world of Islam;  
And in the end, attention to the sword.

Kashmir is lost.  
Without a single shot was Syria delivered unto Nasser,  
Without a single non-Muslim being harmed,  
And Arabistan is thus destined to grow  
Without the device of murder or conspiracy,  
But Kashmir is lost.

We shall insist, we must insist, we must have,  
Despite Allah and the Final Day of Judgment—  
Never mind the Mercies of the Universe,  
Never mind the Compassion of the All One,  
We must have, we must have, **We, We, We**, must have.  
“Be not angry” said the Messenger of Allah;  
“Be submissive” said the Glorious Seal,  
But pseudo-Muslims decrying every need  
Would murder and rapine in the name of self-fancy.  
Kashmir is lost.

Muslims, who are true Muslims and submit,  
Allah is Rab-il-Alamin, and the kingdoms of all worlds  
Have been placed under the tutelage of the Holy,  
And Prince of these has long been Mecca Shereef.  
Remember Omar, who, without a single shot  
Road untrammelled into the streets of Jerusalem,  
This was Islam, this was the true Islam,  
And even without surrender he became the conqueror  
Administering justice according to holiness—  
Hating nobody he conquered nation after nation,  
Hating nobody.

The Day of Judgment awaits those ranting kafirs:  
“Oh, Allah. Thou art the author of Peace, from Thee comes Peace;  
Bring fire, bring sword, bring murder and destruction—  
From Thee comes peace.  
Rape every woman, threaten every child, from Thee comes peace.  
Never mind the peoples of the earth.”

In Islam there never was a "must be,"  
The Prophet decried the slightest sign of compulsion,  
But the doom is nigh most for those trouble-makers  
Who invoke the name of Allah for murder and rapine.

The time has come when the Empire of Islam must spread abroad,  
The name of Allah may soon appear, the signs are clear:  
The submissive peoples of the world are growing in joy,  
The submissive peoples are growing in prosperity,  
The submissive peoples are even growing in power,  
The submissive peoples will conquer and that, without war.  
The expressive ones have defied the forces of heaven,  
The expressive ones are facing a great catastrophe,  
Starving and disease and the ravages of weather.

Await, o patient ones, do you not know Qur'an?  
You read Qur'an, you deify Qur'an, but Allah you do not deify.  
Only the patient and submissive can deify; other words are tombs.  
You read Hadith, you magnify Hadith, but where the practice?  
I am a man, I give my ways to man,  
I did not come to have you glorify me,  
Allah is the Glorifier and all the weight of earth  
Can not add an iota to His actions,  
Nor even your shadows or opposition interfere,  
You are as nothing without His motivating will.

Today the whole world cries for peace and cries for justice,  
The whole earth is in dismay, without true guidance,  
Caught in the barzakh of ineptitude,  
Each leader caught in ever-increasing indecision.  
Muslims, you are faced with a task of submission:  
Kashmir—or the earth.  
What good is any international in the name of a class?  
What good is any international in the name of a cause?  
Not even brotherhood and justice will suffice  
Without the instilling graces of insight and wisdom—  
That humanity be guided, whatever the outlook;  
That humanity be guided, whatever the religion;  
That humanity be guided—"Guide us on the Right Path."  
What is Islam? Not the expression of any particular view,  
Not the expression of anything but submission:  
**In the Universe of Sound which is Allah,**  
Qur'an was delivered through the Perfect Guide,  
Ever conscious of the ubiquitous Voice,  
And translating that Voice into the words of mankind,  
Gave us a book of Guidance.  
O you, Khurshid, the cursed,  
Have you ever consulted this Book for your actions?

Have you opened a single page before giving your Voice?  
Who are you in the magnitude of this creation  
To make such holy demands in defiance of every one,  
What answer, Khurshid the cursed, have you consulted Qur'an?

Declare Tawhid: Rab is One, Alamine is One,  
Every sifat-i-Allah is One, though all commingling,  
Every faculty embraced in every other.  
The scientists are better Muslims than the Qur'an-mongers,  
Compelled to listen to the Message of the Universe,  
Watching for every sign of every phenomena,  
Finding the whole has been made from one single-essence-stuff.

The physicians are better Muslims than Qur'an-mongers,  
Finding in the coagulation of blood a single mankind —  
They read and act accordingly, you do not.  
That kafir-Gandhi submitted to Allah,  
He submitted to Allah in everything,  
But added to submission and thus was limited.  
But you, O Khurshid the cursed, you forget Allah,  
You mumble words with no Zikr in your heart,  
You say your prayers and say they go to heaven,  
And thus displace the Master of the Day of Judgment.

Say: I give the world to the Muslims as a whole  
Or else I turn the world over to the Ahmaddiayas  
Who, though they may depart in minor matters,  
Observe the principles of Islam as a whole,  
Submissive, they cleanse their bodies, hearts and souls;  
Submissive, they are kind to the poor and lowly;  
Submissive, they hate none of Allah's creatures;  
Submissive, they never display their anger.  
What good is reverence with defiance to the Message?

"In the Name of Allah, the Beneficent, the Merciful,  
When there comes the help of Allah, and the Victory,  
And you see men entering the religion of Allah in companies,  
Then celebrate the praise of your Lord and ask His forgiveness."  
—Sura 110

For a speck of dirt you refuse the empire of the universe;  
For a little clot you would turn your backs to Allah;  
For a land which surely will become a desert,  
Ceasing to be a garden when the unworthy ones invade.  
Neither will there be Kashmir nor any satisfaction,  
But the continuation of poverty, disease and drought.  
In whose Name will this be?  
Pakistan in another tongue means "Land of Peace" —

What matter if you do not annex territory,  
If you can spread this peace throughout the world?  
Who will carry the Message bestowed by the Messenger?  
Is it to be done by fire, and sword and opposition—  
Surely you will be overwhelmed in this stirring days  
When Allah has willed great weapons to many nations—  
For without this Will, how could the Russians be armed,  
Or the Americans manufacture many weapons?  
Do you believe in “Allaho Akbar”  
Or that the role of satan is so triumphant  
That Allah must stand by and let this be.  
No nothing without the will of Allah—**El Il Allah.**  
Whether the world will come to Allah through selected ones,  
Or is delivered to the leaders of the Ahmadiyya  
There will come the Victory through the All-Allah,  
And men of this world will come to accept religion,  
As they have never accepted religion before.  
And not only in companies but in Nations-  
This without any need of bloodshed or anger,  
This by the affirmation of love and truth.

The Brotherhood of mankind is a declaration of the Truth,  
The Kaliphate of early times was doomed  
Because the leadership came into the hands of men,  
Of men who cried “In the Name of Allah, the Compassionate”  
But never listened to the Ever-Guiding Voice,  
Whose hands went up to the body’s ears,  
But neither the ear nor heart would ever listen  
Until the mighty empire was destroyed.

Blessed are they who would prosper the body,  
Blessing are they who are prosperous in feeding,  
Clothing, healing from diseases,  
But manifold the blessings of the prosperous heart  
Which brings peace and bliss, satisfaction and praise of Allah.  
There is no choice before this nation, Pakistan;  
It is Pakistan the empire of royal submission,  
Or Urdustan which must force its ways upon others.  
Allaho akbar—make no mistake about it,  
Allaho akbar—this is no game for children.

Woe, woe unto Pariahstan, the worst of nations,  
Who saying they have submitted resort to flame and sword,  
Who calling themselves submissive resort to hatred,  
To inflaming the hearts of the ignorant, calling it Jihad,  
Not in the name of Allah their Jihad  
With the total world of Muslims firm against them  
With Arab and Ajami alike declaring their opposition,

Firmly united in this opposition to violent ways,  
They still persist; who do they think they are?

“Oh man! What evil has enticed you from your gracious Lord,  
Who created and proportioned you,  
And moulded your body to His will?  
Yes, you deny the Last Judgment.”

—Sura 82

A Pariah among the nations shall you stand,  
Establishing a false Jihad to your doom,  
Honoring the sacred teachings with spit and urine,  
Defecating on the principles of Wisdom.

O people of Pakistan, attend to tawhid,  
Send the blessings which have been entrusted to other lands,  
Enlighten the ignorant and spread the wisdom-teachings,  
Utilizing Beneficence and Compassion.  
The whole world awaits Beneficence and Compassion,  
The World wants peace, not further inflammation.  
What matter this leadership of Premier Nehru,  
If you proclaim the greater leadership of Allah—  
Submit to little men in little things,  
Proclaim the Greatest Man in greater things—  
And what the King of Men accomplished in ancient Mecca,  
What his friend Omar succeeded in at Khudus,  
Will become the norms for propagation,  
That the whole will come to Allah, and to Peace.  
Peace is the recognition of Allah  
And Allah also the recognition of True Peace.  
Attend the conferences of many nations,  
Opening the same by repetition of Fateha,  
And men will join you, even Nehru.  
Allaho akbar, you wise men of this nation,  
Allaho akbar, also you stupid fools.

*Part 2 Alternate Version*

La Illaha.

La Illaha, all the rest is commentary.

There are the sounds of praising in a multitude of heavens,  
Where each is free to praise as his heart would say,  
For nothing is worthy save the existence of Allah—  
Not the thoughts of men, not the ideals of men, not the religions of men.  
You orthodox, so intent on boasting, change the weather—  
Change the fate of Nations, change the fate of yourselves!

Sing of the heart of the Messenger who in his time  
Set down examples for the world to follow  
Nor increased his glory in the sight of God  
By performing a single virtue with hope of reward.  
Sing to the heart of the Messenger that you may assimilate  
These rewardless virtues which encompass the world,  
Sing with the heart of the Messenger,  
And not alone with your willful words ...  
This is prayer indeed, and this is bliss.

Not by your praised am I praised before Allah,  
Not by your praise is a single iota added to my status,  
Nor will your place in heaven be increased  
By any attempt to bribe the Eternal Being,  
For first there must come surrender, then success,  
And even after the surrender is achieved,  
A careful watching over the villainy of nufs,  
Always disguising satan as an external enemy,  
And yet quite unaware of the Greater Jihad.  
Soon there will come an opportunity and a sacrifice,  
A choice is being laid before all so-called Muslims,  
Whether they know the meaning of surrender,  
Whether they know the complexion of peace,  
Or whether their self-wills soothed with words  
They forget the essence and the Message of Allah.  
The self-asserting is not, can never be a Muslim  
Though he proclaim the Unity of Allah,  
Though he pray with the exactitude a sufficient number of times,  
Though he keep the fast and even the pilgrimage.  
A million Muslims congregated in Malakut,  
Each assured of the highest place therein—  
Their hearts were weighed, their attitudes toward the orphan,  
Their treatment of the widow and the poor  
And each was set in judgment on the others—  
Allah did not judge thee, they judged themselves,  
Whatever they said on earth was revealed before them,  
Producing a mighty clamor and a recognition,

That even with the pillars they were not yet Muslims,  
They had surrendered to nothing but self will.  
For when Allah speaks the Muslims are filled with joy;  
When Allah tells, the Muslims are circumscribed by light,  
The hearts become angelic and they know their inner selves,  
There is no heaviness within, the black spots are removed.

*The Conquest of Pakistan*

Kashmir is lost.  
The submissive ones have long since lost their self-will,  
The submissive ones are attendant on Allah,  
The submissive praise in adversity and in glory,  
The submissive ones praise, this is Islam.

“Allaho akbar” —no appeal to the United Nations;  
“Allaho akbar” —no appeal to the allied countries;  
“Allaho akbar” —no appeal to the world of Islam;  
And in the end, attention to the sword.

Kashmir is lost.  
Without a single shot was Syria delivered unto Nasser,  
Without a single non-Muslim being harmed,  
And Arabistan is thus destined to grow  
Without the device of murder or conspiracy,  
But Kashmir is lost.

We shall insist, we must insist, we must have,  
Despite Allah and the Final Day of Judgment—  
Never mind the Mercies of the Universe,  
Never mind the Compassion of the All One,  
We must have, we must have, **We, We, We**, must have.  
“Be not angry” said the Messenger of Allah;  
“Be submissive” said the Glorious Seal,  
But pseudo-Muslims decrying every need  
Would murder and rapine in the name of self-fancy.  
Kashmir is lost.

Muslims, who are true Muslims and submit,  
Allah is Rab-il-Alamin, and the kingdoms of all worlds  
Have been placed under the tutelage of the Holy,  
And Prince of these has long been Mecca Shereef.  
Remember Omar, who, without a single shot  
Road untrammelled into the streets of Jerusalem,  
This was Islam, this was the true Islam,  
And even without surrender he became the conqueror  
Administering justice according to holiness—  
Hating nobody he conquered nation after nation,  
Hating nobody.

The Day of Judgment awaits those ranting kafirs:  
“Oh, Allah. Thou art the author of Peace, from Thee comes Peace;  
Bring fire, bring sword, bring murder and destruction—  
From Thee comes peace.  
Rape every woman, threaten every child, from Thee comes peace.  
Never mind the peoples of the earth.”

In Islam there never was a "must be,"  
The Prophet decried the slightest sign of compulsion,  
But the doom is nigh most for those trouble-makers  
Who invoke the name of Allah for murder and rapine.

The time has come when the Empire of Islam must spread abroad,  
The name of Allah may soon appear, the signs are clear:  
The submissive peoples of the world are growing in joy,  
The submissive peoples are growing in prosperity,  
The submissive peoples are even growing in power,  
The submissive peoples will conquer and that, without war.  
The expressive ones have defied the forces of heaven,  
The expressive ones are facing a great catastrophe,  
Starving and disease and the ravages of weather.

I now declare Tawhid: Rab is one, Alamin is One,  
Every sifat-i-Allah is One, all creation from the same—  
The scientists are better Muslims than Qur'an-mongers,  
ho see the universe made from one single-essence-stuff;  
The physicians are better Muslims than Qur'an-mongers  
Who find in the congealation of the blood a single mankind—  
You read, you prate and act in opposite manner.  
Making "submission" a verbal insistence of your nufs.  
Cursed is Khurshid—in some lands a hero,  
But to the world Khurshid, is cursed, he will be called the "cursed,"  
Using fire and thunder and hatred and ego-insistence,  
Without a single evidence of any submission.  
Gandhi, the Kafir, insisted upon submission,  
While self-imposing believers who do not believe  
Mind neither a road to submission nor to peace.  
Gandhi, the Kafir, submitted, but then he added—  
We must have submission with no additions,  
This, and this alone is evidence of wakil.  
The scribes and the Pharisees were enemies of Jesus,  
But the scribes and the Bharisees ascribe to leadership,  
To submission they do not ascribe but only to power,  
And they insist even while saying: "Allaho Akbar"  
They say "Allaho Akbar" and defy: "Maliki-Yaum-i-din."  
What kind of religion is this?

Say: I give the world to the Muslims as a whole,  
Or else I give the world over to the Ahmadiyyas  
Who, though they depart in certain minor matters,  
Do not depart as regard submission to Allah,  
Do not depart as to the suppression of anger,  
Do not depart as to the ending of hatred,  
Do not depart as to reverence for Rassoul-lillah—  
What good is reverence with defiance to the Message?

**In the Name of Allah, the Beneficent, the Merciful**

When there comes the help of Allah and the Victory,  
And you see men entering the religion of Allah in companies,  
Then celebrate the praise of your Lord and ask His forgiveness”

—Sura 110

For a speck of dirt you refuse the empire of the universe;  
For a little clot you turn your backs to Allah;  
For a land which you will make into a desert  
You refuse the gardens and the pleasures now vouchsafed,

In these days when the earth has been given to mankind,  
And even in these days, instead of Invocation and submission,  
You insist—on you the doom,  
Neither will there be Kashmir or any satisfaction,  
But continuation of poverty, disease and suffering,  
And in whose name will this be?

*The Empire of Pakistan*

In another language this means the “country of peace;”  
What matter if you do not annex some territory  
If thus you annex the empire of the world.  
The choice is now before you and before the ages pass  
The truth of these feeble writings will be recognized,  
That in the name of Allah, listening to the Voice of Allah,  
A ruler arose from the midst of the rejected  
Who gained his power through his humble submission,  
Knowing that Allah is the Ruler of every world,  
And of every aspect of each ruling?  
Now the earth belongs to Allah and not to empire-builders  
Who draw their life-blood and their inspiration  
From the light-of-Malakut which encompasses the earth—  
They to not know this, but so it is,  
And every addition to invention and to art  
Comes from this self-same source called “inspiration”  
Which is nothing but submission to the truth.

Whether the world will come to Allah through selected ones,  
Or is delivered to the leaders of the Ahmadiyya,  
There will come the Victory through the aid of All-Allah,  
And the men of this world will entering into the religion  
Not only in companies but even by nations—  
This truth can not be denied nor even blocked  
By stupid ego-mongers calling themselves “the submissive”-  
To what do they submit?  
The Brotherhood of mankind is a declaration of the Truth,  
The kaliphete of early times was doomed to dissolution.  
Because the leadership was placed in the hands of man,  
Of man who cried, “In the Name of Allah, the Compassionate”  
But never listened to the Ever-Guiding Voice,  
Their hands went to the body’s ears  
But the Heart was not inclined to listen—  
What good the epithets of the names of Allah  
If being invoked are then denied—this is hellfire:  
Is there no lesson to be gained from history  
That even when the Voice of Islam seems to be resurrecting,  
The principles of Islam are most defied  
By those who say they submit—submit to what?  
Now it is necessary to instruct the world,  
To bring the teachings of Rassoul-lillah to all mankind,  
To help the lowly in heart as well as the poor in body.

Blessed are they who would prosper the body,  
Feeding, clothing, healing from diseases;  
But many, manyfold blessed they who would prosper the heart

Bringing peace and bliss, satisfaction and praise of the Lord.  
There is now choice before this country, Pakistan—  
Is it Pakistan the empire of royal submission,  
Or Urdustan which must force its ways upon others—  
Place on one side the editors and the mullahs,  
And on the other side a single submissive man  
And the result of such a Jihad is very clear—  
**Allaho Akbar**—make no mistake about it,  
**Allaho Akbar**—this is not a game for children.  
Woe, woe unto Pariahstan, the worst of all the nations,  
Who saying they submitted, resorted to flame and sword;  
Who saying they submitted, defied the justice of nations;  
Who saying they submitted were spurned by all the other Muslims  
Who wanted the way of justice through peace and humanity,  
Who wanted humanity through the way of peace and justice,  
Who wanted peace with humanity and justice.  
What is this peace but utter submission to Allah?  
Has any human device ever succeeded in the way of peace?  
Has any human instituted ever provoked continuous peace?  
Sure you are not going to submit to superiors to your Lord  
When you declare in tongue that Allah has no partners  
But act as if in every way He has superiors?

“Oh man! What evil has enticed you from your gracious Lord,  
Who created and proportioned you,  
And moulded your body to His will?  
Yes, you deny the Last Judgment.”

—Sura 82

A Pariah among nations shall you stand **Allaho Akbar**  
The other lands peopled by Muslims of other races,  
See no glory in nufsian Jihad without the pleasure of their Lord,  
Did Rassoul-lillah come to establish a dominion on this earth,  
Or service in the Name of Rab Alamin.  
What value to gain the whole world and lose your soul—  
You honor the Messiah with spit and urine.  
Peace has been declared or you will follow China;  
Peace is now announced or you will follow the early Caliphate,  
Peace, and submission to your Lord **Allaho Akbar**  
This is not the best of submissions, this the only submission.

Now people of Pakistan, attend to tawhid-  
Send the blessings which have been entrusted to other lands,  
Enlighten them as to the sempiternal Message,  
Prove by your deeds the Beneficence and the Compassion,  
Prove by your acts that you follow Rassoul-lillah,  
Teach each one of you yourselves the lessons of the Hadith,  
Exemplify your religion by your daily behavior,

And stop this ranting in the press and pulpit,  
Thinking that unbelievers do not know your Qur'an;  
They do, sometimes even better than yourselves  
And even the slightest departure is marked by them;  
The slightest departure marked even more by Maliki-Yaum-i-din.  
I place before you, Kashmir — or the earth.

Alternate beginning 1

*Rassoul Gita*

**Bismillah Er-Rahman Er-Rahim.**

Sing the Song of the Messenger of God,  
Sing the Song that may permeate the heart,  
To bring the ever-flowing Beneficence of Soul,  
And thus expressed in Song, Sing on, sing on, sing on,

**La Illaha! ...**

La Illaha, the rest is commentary...  
Let the Muezzin cry; let the cry be technologized by speakers,  
Let the Muezzin or the Mullah rant...  
The Cry which is the Essence of Holy Qur'an undertones,  
Undertones in the atoms of the air,  
Undertones in the radiances from the sun,  
Undertones and overtones in the vibrations of wide space,  
The atoms and the radiances and vibrations chanted in prayer,  
So the Muezzin cries not in vain,  
The technologized loud speakers (not invented by "Muslims") express the cosmic chorus,  
And the Bismillah anchors the universe to Certainty.

**La Illaha ...** the Islam has failed,  
For the substitutions of human approvals and disapprovals  
Overcrowd the undertones of the Cosmic love.  
There is no talk in praise and there is no praise in talk:  
Come upon the journey to the Greater Jihad,  
Purify the excrescences of the person,  
Follow the Shereef in his daily life,  
And walk amid this Universe of Paradises,  
Totally immersed in the superchoruses of utter praise.

Alternate beginning 2

*Rassoul Gita*

In the Name of Allah the most merciful and compassionate,  
In the Name of Allah the perfection of all beautiful qualities,  
In the Name of Allah the most.  
Whom in the anteriority of time there was no thing,  
The universe persisted in transcendent grandeur,  
A super perfect supercosmos of love, with all potentialities,  
The Pleroma of being beyond self assimilation,  
A love confined because it was not confined—  
Evan to speak of this love is to defame it for all was in Silence,  
Not the Silence of the cemetery,  
Not the silence of muttered thought diversality,  
But beyond all the flexes of life,  
All the commutations of energies,  
Undifferentiated until the play of love upon itself,  
The play of Light upon itself,  
The play of God upon God in diverse aspects,  
Produced whatever was to he, came to be, may ever be.

This miraculous cosmos instantly miracled,  
Never to be completed even in the fullness of time,  
Its very perfection calling for endless imperfection,  
Lest it dissolve itself in its own magnificence.  
The perfect being incarnates alike in perfection and imperfection,  
From the most concentrated hardness, the rock essence of rocks,  
To the manifestation of Godhead so to speak in human beings,  
The Nameless named in Nuri Mohammed  
That is to say the essence of Light perfecting into the cognized.

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Sing the song of the Messengers of God,  
Sing the totality and finality of the most perfect of these created in his image,  
Sing the song—rheostated that it continue of itself,  
Telling its endless tales for ever and ever, Amen.

**La Illaha! ...**

La Illaha, the rest is commentary ...  
The Muezzin may cry or use a tape recorder ...  
The Mullahs may shout and rant,  
In wisdom or in ignorance ...  
Who knows the meaning of prayer?  
Millions of millions repeat the word "Mohammed;"  
Millions of millions accept him as the finality of the Message;  
Millions of millions of millions do not—

All other beloved ones of God.  
Allah Loves His creation more than a mother her offspring;  
He is your lover, not your jailer.  
The harb of Islam equals or surpasses the harb of ignorance,  
Until the Sifat manifest in mankind of what avail?  
Allah the Most Merciful, the Most Compassionate, the Most  
Is concerned with all the humanity, with all the creation subservient to humanity.  
Praise to Allah with no shred of proclaimed vainglory;  
Praise to Allah that the praise itself reverberate,  
Into the herenow, into the heretofore, into the hereafter.